Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

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BIG CHANGES RUMORED ON BALD EAGLE VALLEY

Pennsylvania Railroad Said to Contemplate Improvements.

MAY EXPEND $500,000

Proposed Repairs Include Elimination of Curves at Several Points Between Tyrone and Lock Haven—Employment for Many Men.

During the last few days newspapers in nearby towns have published extended articles relative to proposed improvements on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, involving an expenditure of $500,000 or more in the next few months. The reports originated in Williamsport. Thus far there has been no formal confirmation by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The published articles set forth that the improvements will include the excavation of 300,000 cubic yards of earth, the straightening of six miles of track and lowering of the average grade and the elimination of a number of steep grades between Lock Haven and Tyrone. Six of the biggest railroad contractors in the East put in bids for the job. Fred A. Field, a civil engineer of Williamsport, formerly in charge of the heavy construction work west of Johnstown, under the late C. S. D'Invilliers, will be in charge of the work, and will report to H. S. Meily, at Tyrone, says the Penna. Grit. Mr. Field was also employed on the Northumberland yard on the Pennsylvania railroad, and is well known in this city.

It is planned that work shall be begun at once, and that three steam shovels shall be kept busy until the entire job is completed. It is hoped to do the work in about four months. From Bald Eagle creek west to Howard, several light curves will be eliminated and the average grade, which is now about 9-10 per cent., will be reduced to 1-10 per cent. For two miles west of Bald Eagle creek, a slight curve will be eliminated. Several thousand feet of township road will have to be changed to make some of the improvements possible. For over a mile and a half the track will be moved about 2,000 feet nearer Bald Eagle creek, so as to eliminate some of the hard grades. Over 2,000 cubic yards of masonry will be required.

For years the Tyrone division and Bald Eagle branch of the Pennsylvania railroad have been known for their grades and curves. When the improvements are made the line will be as free from curves as it can be made, and as near an even grade as the construction crews can accomplish. Mr. Field declares there will be some tall hustling on the division this summer and a complete transformation of the road bed will result.

Antitoxin for the Fourth.

To meet the Fourth of July demands, large supplies of tetanus antitoxin have been ordered for the sixty-seven distributing stations throughout the Commonwealth, by Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Commissioner of Health.

Despite the nation wide movement for "A Safe and Sane Fourth," which has been steadily growing during the last few years, the total number of accidents resulting in the dreaded tetanus or lockjaw, is greater on that day than any other in the three hundred and sixty-five.

The serum which the Department of Health distributes to the poor is used to immunize the victims of fire-cracker, gun shot and other wounds. When it is used immediately following the accident or even thirty-six hours thereafter, the danger of infection is reduced to a minimum.

Child's Feet Badly Burned.

Five-years-old John Rhoads, son of Harry Rhoads, several days ago had both feet badly burned by innocently walking onto a pile of hot ashes at the Armour's gap lime kilns. The child had carried his father's dinner bucket to the lime kilns. Unconscious of the fact that hot ashes had been dumped onto the pile a few minutes before, the child started to walk across the dump. He was in his bare feet at the time and both members were badly burned. The child's injuries were dressed by Dr. David Dale.

Rev. Mr. Clark Delayed.

Rev. S. S. Clark, the new Baptist minister for Milesburg and Blanchard will not arrive in Milesburg in time to occupy the pulpit there on Sunday next. Mr. Clark will preach in Blanchard on Sunday, June 16, and at Milesburg on Sunday, June 23.

TRAGEDY OF THE WOODS

Skeleton of Man and Rifle Found by Fisherman Along Kettle Creek.

Up along Kettle creek the other day Michael Lykens, a trout fisherman, while making his way from one branch of the stream to another through a swale, stopped in a thicket to search for a spring at which to eat his lunch. While seated on a log, says the Renovo News, his eyes fell upon what appeared to be an old gun leaning against the stump of a fallen tree. It was a gun—an old fashioned, smooth bore rifle, from which what remained of the stock fell when he picked the wreck up in his hands. Stooping a little while afterward to recover the rotton stock, his hand almost touched the blackened, rotted bones of what was once a human skull. There were also some of the larger bones of a man's body under the leaves when Lykens kicked the mold with his foot, but these were so nearly disintegrated as to be more like rotten sticks than bones. The gun and the bones told of some mysterious tragedy of the forest. The fact that the thicket had in it a swampy surface had prevented the forest fires from ever penetrating to that particular spot, preserving for many years the body and the gun. The antique pattern of the fire-arm denoted the fact that the man must have died in that thicket at least 25 years ago, probably a hunter who met with some accident and perished in the swamp. The gun was that pattern which in the earlier days was famous for its deer killing ability. That the man was not shot by his own gun is quite clearly shown by the fact that the gun rested against the tree stump. No effort was made to transfer the bones, as their condition made it necessary to bury them.

Fell Upon Circular Saw.

M. D. Conklin, a wood sawyer, was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital on Monday with a terrible gash in his head, the result of falling upon a circular saw while at work at the William Farwell mill, opposite Ferney. Conklin tripped and fell, his head striking the rapidly revolving saw. His escape from death seems almost miraculous. Fellow employes bandaged his head the best they could, and then flagging a passing freight train, removed him to Lock Haven, where an ambulance was in waiting. Conklin's condition is critical.

Draft Colts for Sale.

The Pennsylvania State College will dispose of four two-year-old draft colts weighing from 1350 to 1450 pounds between now and June 25, 1912. One of these colts is a pure-bred and registered Percheron stallion sufficiently matured to do a small amount of service this year. The others are high grades. For further information address C. L. Goodling, State College, Pa.

$25,000 Refused for Jersey Bull.

Cows were trumps at a great sale of Jersey cattle held by Tilghman S. Cooper & Sons, at their Linden Grove stock farm, at Coopersburg, near Allentown the other day. The price of $25,000 was refused for the king of the herd, Sultana's Golden Jolly, Mr. Cooper declaring he was not for sale at any figure. This was the highest ever offered for any Jersey in the world.

Not a Mail Order House.

In our issue of last week mention was made that Siney Hoy had purchased the parts for a complete house from the Seers-Roebuck Company, of Chicago. Mr. Hoy informs us that we were in error, and we frankly make the correction. Mr. Hoy says that he never patronizes mail order houses and that he buys everything at home.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John H. Zerbe, Ida M. Nevil,	State College " "
James M. Haupt, Florence E. Gardner	Bellefonte Howard
Lemuel Zindel, Ivy M. Uzzle,	Snow Shoe " "
Robert R. Reed, Ruth A. Bottorf	State College Lemont

Awarded Bridge Contract.

George I. Thompson, of Clearfield, has been awarded the contract for building a new inter-county bridge over the Moshannon creek, at Osceola. The plans call for a concrete structure. Mr. Thompson's bid was $7883. There were twelve bidders, the highest being for $12,974.

Water Motor For Sale.

A Backus Water Motor for sale at this office. Is 33 inches in diameter and is in first-class condition. Can be seen in operation at any time. Call or inquire at "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

JOYOUS THRONG AT STATE COMMENCEMENT

Round of Social Functions for Visitors—Assembly Last Night.

ADDRESS BY DR. HILLIS

Noted Brooklyn Divine Speaks to Class of Nearly 250 Graduates—Ideal Weather Contributed to Success of Commencement Week.

With a splendid program of festivities and ideal weather prevailing from start to finish, the annual commencement exercises at State College were a pleasing and gratifying success in every way. The attendance of visitors was large, many old students and other friends of State College coming back for the big week of the year.

Many of the visitors were on hand for the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, which was delivered by Dr. Arthur Holmes, of the University of Pennsylvania. The commencement address on Wednesday was delivered by Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn. Diplomas were awarded a class of upward of 250. A delightful social feature of the day was the reception to visitors tendered by President and Mrs. E. E. Sparks.

State College was victor in the two principal athletic events of the week. State easily won in the track meet with the Carnegie Technical School on Monday afternoon. On Tuesday afternoon the State base ball club defeated Lehigh University, 7—5. Numerous fraternity dances during the week preceded the annual assembly, which proved to be one of the most enjoyable social functions ever held at State College.

T. C. HIPPLE DEAD

Prominent Lawyer Passed Away Suddenly at His Home in Lock Haven.

T. C. Hipple, one of the most prominent lawyers in Clinton County, died suddenly at his late home in Lock Haven at 3.30 o'clock on Wednesday morning. His death was due to heart failure, aggravated by acute indigestion.

Mr. Hipple was well known in Bellefonte, having frequently appeared in the courts here. He was born in Jersey Shore and was 67 years of age. The funeral will be held on Sunday afternoon, next, from the late residence. Interment will be made at Lock Haven.

A Heavy Contributor.

Ex-Senator William Flinn, the Roosevelt leader in Pennsylvania, is among those in Chicago looking after the Roosevelt candidacy for nomination for President. Chatting with some newspaper men at Chicago Senator Flinn related this interesting little sidelight on the raising of campaign funds to promote Roosevelt's candidacy:

"When I was drawn into the fight for Roosevelt, I went over and saw the Colonel; never had seen him but once or twice before. During the talk I asked: 'Colonel, have you any particular friends in our end of the State to whom we might turn in the hope of getting some financial assistance in such a fight as this is going to be.'

"He thought a moment, and then said: 'Oh, yes, I know one man who might help.' And then he named a Pittsburg man, who, as I happened to know would have fainted if the effort had been made to get $100 away from him. That was all he could think of; he knew no other financial resources that could possibly be appealed to.

"That gave me a new view of Roosevelt. Here was a man who had been President eight years, almost; who had had power and opportunities, places and patronage to give; yet he was so little concerned with that side of the game that he could not name a single solvent citizen in our whole side of the State who might be appealed to for moneyed help. Innocent and unsophisticated on the financial side—but look what the people did for him. Three hundred thousand of them turned out and swamped organization, bosses, money, everything, just to pay tribute to their confidence in and their demand for him. That is some politician."

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Mrs. Ella Houser, Linden Hall; Mrs. Jennie Marshall, Bellefonte.

Admitted for Treatment—Perry Moran, Fleming.

A son born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hull, Axe Mann.

23 patients now in the hospital.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

FREDERICK KURTZ DEAD; WAS VETERAN EDITOR

Passed Away on Monday—Was Almost 79 Years Old.

A LIFE OF ACTIVITY

Established First German Newspaper—For Years Conducted the Centre Hall Reporter—Removed to Bellefonte Twelve Years Ago.

Following a gradual decline in health, and a sinking spell which had its inception about two weeks ago, Frederick Kurtz, one of Centre County's best known citizens, died at 5 o'clock on Monday morning at his late home on High Street. His death was not wholly unexpected, but by all who had learned to know him since his removal to Bellefonte from Centre Hall, the news of his passing away was received with expressions of sympathy and sorrow. He was a genial, kindly christian gentleman and his pleasant smile will be missed by those in this community who were accustomed to greet him daily on the streets, or at his place of business in the "Centre Democrat" office.

Mr. Kurtz was for many years an active, consistent member of the Lutheran church, a stanch Democrat in politics and a citizen who moved along progressive lines. In his later years he assisted his son, Charles R. Kurtz, in the management of the "Centre Democrat," with the exception of such times in recent months when his health required relaxation in office duties. About two weeks ago he was compelled to go to bed and the attending physicians could hold out little hope for his recovery. Advanced age, coupled with Bright's disease and natural complications, had so exhausted his vitality that he rapidly became weaker and on Monday morning he peacefully slept away.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from his late residence, conducted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, and interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Hon. Frederick Kurtz was born at York, Pa., December 28, 1833, and came from there to Aaronsburg in the fall of 1846. After conducting the Centre Berichter for upwards of ten years he removed to Centre Hall. Here he established the Centre Reporter on the 1st of April, 1868. From the start Mr. Kurtz conducted the business of his office in business style, editing its columns in a vigorous style and to the best interests of his party, and diversifying his reading-matter with more original matter than is contained in the majority of inland journals.

Success crowned his efforts, and the Reporter became one of the largest of the county papers and widely circulated, and a dominant factor in county politics. Mr. Kurtz at all times stimulated public enterprise, and was the embodiment of a go-ahead man.

He was elected to the Legislature in 1866 over Gen. James A. Beaver, and re-elected in 1867 by a largely increased majority, and the highest vote upon the Democratic ticket. His record as a legistor was usullied, and rendered him still more popular among his constituents.

Among other indications of this is the fact that at a public meeting of the citizens of the county, irrespective of party, held at Bellefonte in the winter of 1867, his course in opposition to the railroad monopoly was heartily indorsed by Hon. H. N. McAllister and other leading citizens.

It was to the credit, too, of Mr. Kurtz that he was one of the hardest and most earnest workers for railroad facilities for Penn's valley, devoting days and weeks canvassing for subscriptions, and giving the enterprise continual editorial support, and he was also one of the most liberal subscribers for the stock.

Mr. Kurtz always took high ground in support of educational interests, especially advocating the establishment of teachers' institutes, and speaking on that behalf at various points in the valley.

His old home town, Centre Hall, is indebted to him for the reconstruction of its water-works and change of the wooden pipes to iron pipes of the best modern style, and he added to the improvement of the town itself a very handsome private residence. Centre Hall owes much of its reputation abroad to the columns of the Reporter, through which its exceedingly beautiful and healthful location has become far famed.

Mr. Kurtz was the first president of the Centre County Historical Society. On June 14, 1878, he was elected a director of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre County, and on June 8, 1883, he was elected president, serving in that capacity until April 5, 1909, when he resigned.

Mr. Kurtz married Anne daughter of William Harter, of near Aaronsburg. Surviving are his widow, two sons, Charles R., and J. Frederick, of Lewisburg; also one sister, Mrs. William Ettinger, of Milton.

$416 FOR HOSPITAL

Tidy Sum Realized at Card Party at Armory; Not a Penny of Expense.

If you have a business proposition which you want conducted in a business-like way turn it over to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Bellefonte hospital. They will handle it without a penny of expense and thus make every dollar of proceeds represent actual, net profit.

That's what the Woman's Auxiliary did with the large card party held on Thursday evening of last week at the Armory. The proceeds amounted to $416 and some odd cents, and all this was clear profit. By those having the affair in charge everything was so cleverly managed that not a penny of expense was entailed. The Armory was tastefully decorated. The numerous features afforded amusement or entertainment to all, and the large crowd in attendance was afforded a most delightful evening. Best of all, the hospital is $416 richer, thanks to the unselfish efforts and business-like ability of the several ladies who in any way aided in the project.

Teachers Excursion to Washington.

Mr. David Todd, division ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Williamsport, offered before the Centre County Teachers' Annual Institute last November to learn the sentiment of the teachers relative to an educational and pleasure tour to Washington, D. C. The institute accepted Mr. Todd's invitation and on Monday morning, June 3rd., the touring party left Bellefonte in a special car attached to the regular train which leaves at 6.35 for Sunbury, where the party was joined by similar touring parties from Clinton, Lycoming and Union counties. At Sunbury the touring party was met by Mr. H. Y. Darnell, tourist agent, Mr. Wilson, baggagemaster, and Mrs. L. W. Beaty, chaperon, who personally conducted the excursion and did everything possible to make the trip one of profit and pleasure to all.

It may be interesting to the teachers who did not avail themselves of this excellent opportunity to see the nation's capital to know how the Pennsylvania railroad company conducted the excursion. To learn this one needs only to read the pamphlet announcement issued to the teachers about four weeks ago. There were no extra charges except a few nickels for street car fare. The services that the party received at the hotel, the Metropolitan, were the same as if each was paying the regular rates, $2.50 to $4.00 per day. Mr. Darnell, the touring agent, who had entire charge of the party, saw that all arrangements made for the pleasure, comfort and needs of those under his care were properly carried out. Even the lunch on the return train, at Harrisburg, was not forgotten; it consisted of hamsandwiches, eggs, cheese, cakes, pickles, oranges and bananas.

The party consisted of the following teachers: Bessie Lansberry, Mattie Lucas, Fleming; Samantha Pownell, Anna Shank, Yarnell; Anna Deitz, W. C. Thompson, Clarence Thompson, Howard; Nancy Kelley, Bessie Johnson, Curtin; Nelle Goldthrope, Ruth Lukens, Philipsburg; Margaret Glenn, Rae Hoy, Lemont; Florence Kepler, Gertrude Keichline, Pine Grove Mills; Margaretta Goheen, Boalsburg, Mabel Arney, Centre Hall; Kathryn Stover, Cora Brown, Mabel Neese, Spring Mills; Lida Winkelbleck, R. U. Wasson, Coburn; Anna Schroyer, Milesburg.

The following persons were also members of the party: Ella Zettle, Hannah Schroyer, Nell Weaver, Gussie Gardner, Katherine Cassidy, Bellefonte; Jean T. Sandstorm, Philipsburg, Nell Herman, Mrs. J. B. Martin, State College; Mrs. William Goheen, Dr. L. E. Kidder, wife and daughter, Boalsburg; D. L. Bartges and wife, Coburn; Dr. G. S. Frank and wife, A. A. Frank and wife, A. E. Bartges and wife, L. W. Stover, Millheim.

Upon inquiry it was learned that no one in the party regretted having made the trip and many of them personally thanked Mr. Darnell for the courtesies extended to them.

State May Control All Dams.

Attorney General John C. Bell is working on drafts of proposed legislation which will give the state water supply commission control of all dams in streams in the state, not only in construction, but in operation as well. The bill will confer wide powers on the commission and it is calculated that they will materially lessen chances of dams breaking through lack of supervision or defects in construction.

Convention Postponed.

Owing to an epidemic of measles at Centre Hall, the Christian Endeavor Convention, which was to have been held there, June 19-20, has been postponed until July 18-19.

LELA E. ARDERY, Cor. Sect'y.

PRESENT OLD VOLUMES TO NATIONAL LIBRARY

W. P. Humes and Sister Make Gift of Early Public Records,

ARE GLADLY ACCEPTED

Old Documents Belonged Originally to W. W. Potter, Who Served in Congress in 1835 and Who was an Uncle of Late Mrs. E. C. Humes.

A valuable collection of rare, old records of Congress has just been presented the Congressional Library, at Washington, by William P. Humes and his sister, Miss Myra Humes, of Bellefonte. As official records of sessions of Congress back in the Thirties, the volumes were eagerly welcomed by the Congressional Library, and letters expressing grateful appreciation of the gift have been received from Washington by Mr. Humes.

In the handsome Humes home, on Allegheny Street, are many rare, old articles recalling periods of years long ago. Some time ago Mr. Humes and his sister came across the old volumes recording the proceedings of Congress during the period this section was represented in Washington by the late Hon. William W. Potter, who was an uncle of the late Mrs. Edward C. Humes, the mother of William P. and Miss Myra Humes. Mr. Potter was several times re-elected and served this section with distinction and ability. At that time official records of Congress and other government documents were not distributed with such a lavish hand is the case today, and for this reason many volumes are missing. Mr. Potter, while at Washington, secured numerous volumes covering official matters of that period. These were carefully preserved and have for many years remained undisturbed in the Humes home.

With a desire to place the rare, old volumes where they would be most useful, Mr. Humes communicated with the Congressional Library, receiving a very prompt reply to the effect that the books would be welcomed there. Three large packing boxes were necessary to ship the books to Washington. The volumes were received there a day or two ago and were at once acknowledged, both in a personal letter from the librarian and also in a more formal communication from the board of managers.

Caught Monster Trout.

William Walker, one of those lucky fishermen who come home with the fish while lots of others come home with empty baskets, landed a monster trout in Spring creek, below the falls just in the rear of the Palace Livery on Monday afternoon. It is undoubtedly one of the largest ever caught in this section. It measured 23½ inches and weighed 4 pounds, 9½ ounces. The trout was of the brown species, and was caught on an ordinary, old-fashioned worm of the garden variety. For some time past fishermen have been telling tales of a monster trout that had acquired the habit of running off with countless hooks and lines. On Monday afternoon Walker rigged up his rod and line, selected a choice, fat worm, and went after the big trout. He didn't have to do much coaxing. A few casts brought the big fellow out of his lair and soon he was tangled on Walker's hook. Once he had the trout where he wanted him, Walker went into the creek and grabbed him with his hands. The weight of the trout would have snapped Walker's rod, so he took no chances. On Tuesday the trout was an object of curiority in Walker's place of business, next door to the Adams Express office.

Brakeman Meets Death.

Charles Fish, of Juniata, a former resident of Philipsburg, and a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Fish, deceased, a brakeman on the Pittsburg division of the P. R. R., was killed last Friday night at Derry. It is presumed he fell or was jarred from the car on which he was standing, and was run over by the train and the life crushed out.

The deceased born in Philipsburg, was aged about 23 years, and besides his wife, whose maiden name was Miss Jennie Marks, of Graham Station, he is survived by the following brothers and sisters, viz: William, of Powell, Bradford county; Ralph, residing in Colorada, Edward, Miss Mable and Mrs. John B. Shontz, all of Philipsburg.

Chosen School Superintendent.

J. S. Ruthrauff has been chosen superintendent of the Philipsburg public schools, vice B. I. Myers, who resigned to locate in Philadelphia.

Politicians' Wives Care Mostly for Hats.

Strange as it may seem the wives of the Republican national committeemen in Chicago attending the hearing of the pre-convention contests care little for politics and less about suffrage. Hats, gowns, lingerie and other things dear to the female of the species are uppermost in their thoughts.

Mrs. Victor Rosewater, wife of the chairman of the National Committee, said:

"I am having such a good time shopping that I haven't thought about politics. The hats and things are so lovely that I may even fail to attend the convention. As to woman suffrage, I don't care if we women never vote. I think we are mighty happy as it is."

Mrs. Henry T. Lowe, sister of William Hayward of New York, secretary of the National Committee, is one of the real suffragists. She hails from Colorado Springs, Col., where women vote, but even she doesn't take much interest in politics and declares she doesn't think women ought to vote. Mrs. Lowe even confesses to having accepted a bribe to change her vote, the bribe being 12 chickens, corruptly and reluctantly given her by her husband.

"But you mustn't say anything about that," she added: "You see, I am a Republican, the same as my husband, but this was a local election and he wanted me to vote for a personal friend, a Democrat, I didn't want to scratch the ticket, but he begged and said he'd give me anything I wanted, I asked for 12 chickens. He didn't want to have chickens around, but at last he gave them to me."

Mrs. William Hayward, wife of the secretary of the National Committee, said:

"One politician in the family is enough. I wish even I could make Mr. Hayward give up politics. As for myself, I do not want to vote, but do not condemn women who do."

Mrs. Joseph Kealing, of Indiana, wife of one of the Taft managers, said:

"I am satisfied to visit the department stores, look at pretty gowns and hats, without bothering with politics. I love my home and don't see how the ballot would help me any."

Mrs. Harry New, wife of the national committeeman from Indiana, said:

"I believe in women having what they wish. If they desire to vote, why, let them. I must say the subject doesn't interest me."

Mrs. Cecil Lyon, wife of one of the "rough rider" committeemen from Texas, is one of the most vivid and interesting personalities among the vanguard of wives of committeemen to arrive.

"The subject of voting never enters my mind," she said. "I've enough to do enjoying my home and being pleasant to my friends. I enjoy the shop windows here more than I will the convention."

A STITCH IN TIME

A Word of Warning to City and Borough Officials.

Once more a word of warning comes to the officials of cities and boroughs to see to it that streets and walks be always kept in proper condition so as to avert the danger of being put to heavy expenses for damages sustained by persons using the highways or sidewalks. The last case just decided by the Supreme Court of this State, is one from Hollidaysburg, where Mrs. Teresa Green had brought suit against the borough, for damages for personal injuries sustained in a fall on an icy pavement, the borough being charged with neglect in having failed to have removed the accumulation of ice and snow, which had formed in ridges on the pavement, caused by water flowing from the drain pipe of the house spouting. The plaintiff was awarded $1,551.94 damages by the Blair county court of common pleas and the Supreme Court sustained the decision of the lower court.

There are dangers of accidents in summer time as well as during the icy times of winter, in the shape of holes in sidewalks, or other neglected spots that may cause one to fall and break a limb or become the victim of some other injury. If any such defects are allowed by the municipal authorities to continue for any length of time, the borough or city is held responsible for all damages sustained.

There are in any borough some very defective sidewalks, and some board walks among the few yet existing that have holes large enough for a woman or a child to tramp through, and perhaps have a limb broken. All such defects should be looked after and the property owners should be notified to make the necessary repairs at once, so as to avoid the danger of a bill of damages of one or several thousand dollars. "A stitch in time saves nine."

They Put an End to it.

Charles Sable, 30 Cook St., Rochester, N. Y., says he recommends Foley Kidney Pills at every opportunity because they gave him prompt relief from a bad case of kidney trouble that had long bothered him. Such a recommendation, coming from Mr. Sable, is direct and convincing evidence of the great curative qualities of Foley Kidney Pills. C. M. Parrish.

Found Drowning Horse.

The Lock Haven Express says that C. T. Rothrock conveyed a party of ladies and gentlemen to Loganton in his auto Thursday to attend the meeting of the Christian Endeavor and while on the return trip by the way of Colby's gap, when the auto reached a point near where the Colbys were murdered, one of the ladies discovered a horse struggling in Cherry run. The machine was stopped and an investigation made. The horse was hitched to a buggy and evidently belonged to a party of fishermen who had tied the animal in the woods at that point and proceeded further up the run in quest of trout. The animal had become entangled in the harness and was thrown on its side in the stream. When discovered the poor animal was in an exhausted condition with barely sufficient strength to keep its head above the water and was breathing heavily. Mr. Rothrock summoned help from some woodchoppers in the vicinity, and the men succeeded in extricating the horse from its perilous position. The buggy was badly wrecked and the harness torn. The horse was unhitched, tied to a tree and left standing for the return of the owners.

Helped to Keep Down Expenses

Mrs. J. E. Henry, Akron, Mich., tells how she did so: "I was bothered with my kidneys and had to go nearly double. I tried a sample of Foley Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and feel that they saved me a big doctor's bill." C. M. Parrish.

FOR POLLUTING STREAM

Paper Mill Superintendent Abandons Appeal and Pays His Fine.

A prosecution instituted by T. J. Criswell, a deputy fish warden of the department of fisheries at Harrisburg, against John B. Stroup, the superintendent of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper company, of Williamsburg, was scheduled for hearing before Judge Thomas J. Baldrige, at Hollidaysburg, last Friday.

Three years ago this prosecution was begun at the office of Justice of the Peace J. J. Cunningham, in Gaysport. The defendant was charged with causing the wholesale destruction of fish in the Juniata river, between Williamsburg and Alexandria, by polluting and poisoning the public waters with sewage and waste matters from the large paper mills at the former town. The defendant was convicted by the magistrate, and was sentenced to pay $100 fine and costs. The defendant appealed from this conviction, and the case has been dragging its slow way through the courts ever since that time.

At the last minute before the time of hearing last Friday, the defendant abandoned his appeal, and agreed to pay the fine and costs.

The case is a most important one for the public interests, inasmuch as the victory for the state assures purity and freedom from pollution for the public waters.

Addressed by W. I. Swoope.

Lawyer W. I. Swoope, formerly of Bellefonte but now located in Clearfield, was the principal speaker at a meeting of the Men's Club of the Philipsburg Methodist Episcopal church held on Friday evening of last week. The Philipsburg "Journal," telling of the meeting, highly complimented Mr. Swoope on his address, the subject of which was "Character is Fate." M. Ward Fleming, a Bellefonte boy, now practicing law in Philipsburg, presided over the meeting. Referring to Mr. Swoope's address, the "Journal" said:

"Mr. Swoope's first sentence was a clear and decisive declaration to the effect that, when all is said, the one essential of a successful life is character. As he proceeded to unfold this great thought in chaste and eloquent style of speech, adding to, rather than diminishing his force, and to show how character may be developed, his captivating utterances held the close attention of his large audience. The development of character the speaker said, is best obtained through (1) good thinking, (2) good acting, (3) good living and (4) good dying.

"Each of the points was well sustained by argument and illustration, and as a whole the address was a fine exhortation, especially to young men, along the line of character building, and ought to be a great encouragement to those who heard it."

Banks Oppose New Coins.

Banks have raised a storm of protest to Congress and the Treasury Department against the proposed coinage of 3-cent and ½-cent pieces. The new coins, it is contended, would revolutionize commercial mechanical devices. Cash drawers and registers, adding machines and counting machines would have to be changed and it would be necessary to rule another column on ledgers to accommodate the fractional piece. The Treasury Department has abandoned the idea of a fantastic ½-cent piece with a scalloped edge, in case Congress should order the new coins. The 3-cent piece would have a hole in the center if the coin is authorized.

When Your Feet Ache.

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

FOUND FIRST COAL

Interesting Story of How Product Was Discovered Near Philipsburg.

The Philipsburg Journal publishes the following.

The first coal of which any record can be found in this section was at the head of Emigh's run, near the head of the dam where the Morrisdale Coal Co. gets its water supply. It was carried away in sacks, and used in blacksmith shops.

The first coal shipped out of Clearfield county was near Coalport. It was taken down the Clearfield creek and Susquehanna river in an ark. The ark was manned by gentlemen named Stone and Owens and a woman. A courtship was struck up between Stone and the woman, and as soon as the ark landed they were married. Years after, when Stone regretted the marriage, he remarked, "If it had not been for Robert Owens and the old coal ark, sure I would never had you."

The first bituminous coal in the United States from which a chemical analysis was made is believed to have been taken from the old mine that afterwards became Victor, No. 3, on the old Reece homestead a short distance west of Philipsburg, about the year 1834. It was sent by Mr. Bagshaw and Hardman Philips to Switzerland, and six months expired before it was heard from.

The first coke that we have any account of was at Karthaus, Clearfield county. It was made to be used at the iron works at Karthaus. This furnace was built by Stephen Karthaus, a native of Baltimore, in 1820. The plant was managed with success for a number of years, when it was sold to a syndicate in 1836 for $80,000. The works were suspended in 1840 on account of hard times. The coke was made from the coal at Karthaus.

Wonderful S. S. Convention.

Representing 228,000 Sunday Schools with more than 28,000,000 members, the World's Central committee met in Philadelphia last Friday and arranged plans for the world's seventh Sunday school convention to be held in Zurich, Switzerland, July 8-15, 1913.

Four ocean liners have been chartered to convey the delegates from the United States and Canada to the convention. These vessels will sail from New York, Boston and Montreal. It was also decided that a group of 50 Sunday School Specialists, headed by H. J. Heinz, Pittsburg, and Frank L. Brown, Brooklyn, will make a pre-convention tour of the Orient. Preliminary conventions will be held in the Phillipines, Japan, China and Korea. Other delegations will visit the Holy land.

August J. Bucher, Cincinnati, was chosen musical director of the convention and it was decided to apportion the delegates to continental Europe.

Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin, 512 Jay St., a Cross, Wis., writes that she suffered all kinds of pain in her back and hips on account of kidney trouble and rheumatism. "I got some of Foley Kidney Pills and after taking them for a few days there was a wonderful change in my case, for the pain entirely left my back and hips and I am thankful there is such a medicine as Foley Kidney Pills." C. M. Parrish.

The "Wettest" Town in the U. S.

The "wettest" town in the United States, without doubt, is the village of Winthrop, Missouri, which has a population of 83, counting men, women and children. Until recently it had six saloons and six wholesale liquor stores, and the last license court has granted the place four more saloons, but has given notice that that is the limit. It is not, however, to meet the demands of the people of Winthrop that so many licenses are granted, but the village is located on the opposite side of the river from Atchison, Kan., which is a "dry" city, so whenever its people want a drink they cross the bridge to Missouri to get it.

Mr. Conklin Reappointed.

Forestry Commissioner Robert S. Conklin has been reappointed chief of the Department of Forestry by Governor Tener, a position which he has held since June 1, 1904, when he succeeded Dr. J. T. Rothrock, of West Chester. Mr. Conklin is a resident of Columbia and has been connected with the Forestry Department since 1895, and under his care the reserves have grown to nearly 1,000,000 acres. The Governor also reappointed Dr. Rothrock as a member of the Forestry Commission.

Nobody Wants No. 1313.

Register of Wills H. H. Seltzer, of Pottsville, has decided that he cannot dispose of marriage license No. 1313. When, in the course of business this week, it became necessary to issue this license number, brides and bridegrooms decidedly refused te accept the document with the hoodoo figures.

No. 1313 was issued to M. J. Spatanski, of Nanticoke, and Miss Blanche Bobbin, of Shenanhoah, but was returned with a request for another number. The register than decided to cancel this number.

License No. 1323 was issued to Charles Caton and Miss Josephine Dunn, of Frackville, without protest.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

Skeletons For Doctors.

The mode of preparing skeletons for the use of the medical profession is a very delicate operation. The scalpel is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues. Its work being done, the bones are boiled, being carefully watched meanwhile that they may not be overdone. After this cannibalistic procedure they are bleached in the sun. Even the spots of grease are sure to appear when they are exposed to heat. The French treat these with ether and benzine, securing thereby a dazzling whiteness, which is a distinguishing mark of their skeletons.

A brass rod with all the proper curvatures supports the spinal column. Delicate brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges of the most perfect workmanship give to the joints a graceful and lifelike movement. Cleverly concealed hooks and eyes render disjunction at pleasure possible. The whole construction plainly indicates the care and skill of an artist and connoisseur.

She Was Willing.

The man was one of the sort that women like because of their awkwardness, ugliness, masculinity, gaucherie and all that. His feet were too big for his legs, though his legs were enormous. His chest was too big for his head, though he wore a seven and one-eighth size in hats. He was like a St. Bernard pup, but older than any young dog. He had never been at a regular dance before. The girls looked like delicate flowers to him, and he hardly dared to touch one of them. He looked to the girls like a new idea, and they hoped he'd arrive. He did after a minute or two. He waddled across the floor, made a stand in front of the littlest girl and said, more or less ungrammatically:

"Can I dance with you?"

She was rattled, but she answered with a smile:

"I don't know, but I like you enough to let you try!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mighty Orchestra.

One of the most remarkable concerts ever held was projected by P. S. Gilmore of Boston as a celebration of the peace following the war between the states. A remarkable feature of the concert was the grand orchestra, composed of 1,094 pieces, the largest orchestra ever assembled in this country. It consisted of the following instruments: One hundred and fifteen first violins, 100 second violins, 65 violoncellos, 65 violas, 85 double basses, 8 flutes, 8 clarinets, 8 oboes, 8 bassoons, 12 horns, 8 trumpets, 9 trombones, 3 tubas, 10 drums, 25 piccolos and flutes, 20 Eb clarinets, 50 Bb clarinets, 50 Eb cornets, 75 Bb cornets, 75 Eb alto horns, 25 Bb tenor horns, 50 tenor trombones, 25 bass trombones, 25 Bb baritones, 75 Eb bass tubas, 50 small drums, 25 bass drums, 10 cymbals and 10 triangles.

Whistler and His Tailor.

"Curious enough," wrote Mortimer Menpes, "whenever one came in contact with Whistler one entirely forgot one's own affairs and became completely occupied with his. The fit of the master's coat was far more important to me than my own artistic work. At the tailor's Whistler would give an elaborate description of how a certain coat was to be made, and the tailor would carry out his directions literally. But no sooner had the man accomplished the work than Whistler would say: 'This is all wrong. How dare you say that it is what I told you to do? I am a painter. It is not my business to make coats. That is your province. Therefore you should have led me to do what you knew to be right.'"

The Imperial Eagle.

The imperial eagle, the largest of the species known, flies to a height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. It is a native of South America, and its habitat is among the lofty mountains of that country. Its power of flying to high altitudes is only exceeded by the condor of the Andes, which is said to have attained a height of six miles, or within one mile of the greatest height ever attained by a balloon. The eagle sails in the air at heights ranging from three to five miles and when seen to soar upward by an observer on the earth's surface disappears from sight in about three minutes.

Old Time Virginia Taverns.

So universal in the early days in this country was the custom of free entertainment that it was a law in Virginia that unless there had been a distinct agreement to pay for board and shelter no pay could be collected from any guest, no matter how long he remained. In the few taverns that existed the prices were low, about a shilling a dinner, and it was ordered that the meal must be wholesome and good.

Settlement Work.

"Came into a fortune, didn't he?"

"Yes, a big one."

"What's he doin' these days?"

"He has become interested in settlement work."

"Well, that ought to keep him occupied for awhile. He owed everybody."

Hidden.

Dismal Dawson—I'm trying to git back to me poor old mother. She ain't seen me face for ten years. Old Gentleman—I guess that is the truth. Why don't you wash it?

Hard Luck.

First Actor—I hear you turned people away when you were on tour. Second Actor—We tried to, but they wouldn't go until they got their money back.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—Voltaire.

CRITICIZES DRESS

Style of Women's Clothing Breeds Immorality, Says Woman Judge.

Miss Mary Bartelme, the first woman judge in Illinois, made the startling statement that half of the crime and immorality in the world, and Chicago in particular, is due to the way the women dress.

"The way women, and especially girls, dress now is vulgar, immodest and even criminal," Miss Bartelme said. "Girls of the present day dress to advertise their physical charms, lure men, and in so doing seek to show that they welcome advances and are on the market.

"I sometimes don't blame men for insulting women. Much of the crime of today in Chicago, I am sure, is due to the way women dress."

She called a touring car and invited the reporters to make a trip through the principal streets with her.

"I'll prove what I say is true," she exclaimed.

The auto had scarcely started when Miss Bartelme exclaimed:

There's a good example of what I condemn. Such style as that is outandish and improper. The girl cannot be less than 18. Her skirt reaches only a few inches below the knees.

"Such clothes as these are worn only in mimicry of some daring person who sets the styles. They are growing worse and worse each year. They display vulgarly the contour of the wearer's entire figure. How much prettier a simple girlish frock would look.

"I believe the girls who belong to the High School sororities are the worst. No style seems too daring for them. Why, the only difference between the average street dress and night gown today, is that the street dress is usually colored.

"The delinquent girls whom I meet and the factory girls are not to blame for adopting these outlandish styles. They copy them from the High School girls.

"And a word for party gowns. The lower the gown can be cut in front and in the back—the more physical beauty that can be displayed—the more stylish the wearer believes herself to be."

A Card.

This is to certify that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound does not contain any opiates, any habit forming drugs, or any ingredients that could possibly harm its users. On the contrary, its great healing and soothing qualities make it a real remedy for coughs, colds and irritations of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accepts no substitute. C. M. Parrish

School Boards File Plans.

Western Pennsylvania school districts are filing more plans for improved school buildings with the State Board of Education than those in the central and eastern portions and the enterprise and desire to obtain the last word in school architecture displayed by districts has caused much comment among state officials. The western half of the state, which is undergoing a development which few people realize, is erecting school houses as advanced as any section of the United States. Numerous schools have been erected in the last year which vie with the latest buildings in New York and other large cities and are ahead in some respects of those built in the eastern part of the state, where the communities are following accepted styles.

The state board's efforts to obtain modern requirements in the way of protection and all important features of light, floor space and air space have been taken hold of by many architects to a notable degree. The board is working out under the code the proposition that every pupil shall have 15 feet of floor space, 200 cubic feet of air space and that the lighting area shall be 20 per cent of the floor space.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Relieve feverishness, bad stomach, teething disorders, move and regulate the bowels and are a pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, A. S. Olmsted LeRoy, N. Y.

Frilled Lizards.

Some lizards are able to walk on their hind legs, of which the most remarkable example is the frilled lizard of Australia, a powerful form, which attains a length of about three feet. Should danger threaten it scuttles off on its hind limbs with considerable speed for as far as thirty or forty feet in a half crouching attitude, with the fore limbs hanging down and the remarkable frill folded up.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.—Butler.

Olewine's
Hardware Store.

THE PLACE FOR
Quality Goods

Wyoming Dockash Ranges
Wire Fencing
Alaska Freezers
Leather & Canvas Belting
Extension Ladders
Step Ladders
Atlas Portland Cement
Crown Wall Plaster
Beaver Board
DuPont's Dynamite
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Everything in the Hardware line found at

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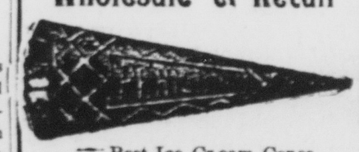

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Building Sand,
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Where the house is not wired we will wire for one light and a receptacle for an iron and provide an iron as above complete for
$7.50
BELLEFONTE ELECTRIC CO.
BOTH PHONES

HAPPY RESULTS

Have Made Many Bellefonte Residents Enthusiastic.

No wonder scores of Bellefonte citizens grow enthusiastic. It is enough to make anyone happy to find relief after years of suffering. Public statements like the following are but truthful representations of the daily work done in Bellefonte by Doan's Kidney Pills.

William E. Haines, Sunny Side Street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "The public statement that I gave in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills some years ago still holds good, as the cure they effected in my case have been permanent. In 1890 I began to suffer from a lameness in my back, accompanied by a dull, lingering ache in my loins, that made it hard for me to attend to my work. I did not rest well and I was at a loss to know what to do. After trying a number of medicines without being benefitted, I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box. They proved to be just the remedy I required, removing my trouble in a short time. I have been fully convinced of the curative powers of this preparation."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

Summer Spraying.

Apply no strong spray in summer.

A Pennsyvania correspondent wrote to the State Zoologist, Prof. H. A. Surface, of Harrisburg, asking if he could use the weak solution of lime-sulfur with the Codling moth spray in the spring to check the San Jose scale on trees that were infested but had not been treated previously. The reply of Prof. Surface was as follows:

"Replying to your recent letter asking the effect of spraying strong lime-sulfur on trees with leaves three-fourth inches long, must say that it is liable to burn the foliage and check the growth some, but it will not be enough to kill the trees. If the trees are badly infested with scale you had better do this rather than let the scale remain unchecked.

"It will not do much good to apply a quantity of weak lime-sulfur solution for the mature of grown San Jose scale when the trees are in leaf. If it is not strong enough to burn the foliage it is not strong enough to kill the scale. The weak solution may kill some soft-bodied plant lice and some very young, tender or freshly emerged scale insects, but it does not destroy the most of these pests. The weak solution of lime-sulfur is applied by us after the blossoms drop, daring the Codling moth demonstrations, not for insects, but as a fungicide to guard against plant diseases. Use one gallon and one quart of the concentrated solution in forty-nine gallons of water, and to this very weak solution add two pounds of arsenate of lead. This formula is for apple, pear and quince. The material is applied just after the blossoms drop, and again in a month. For peaches and plums use only one-third as much of the lime-sulfur solution."

Thugs Disguised as Women.

Thugs dressed as women attacked Mrs. May Bernheimer at her home in a fashionable New York apartment house last Friday and beat her into insensibility, bound and gagged her and escaped with gems valued at $10,000.

Mrs. Bernheimer told the police that her maid met her at the door, upon returning from a shopping expedition, and welcomed her with a blow on the head with a potato masher. A second blow knocked her unconscious she said. When she awoke she was lying, bound and gagged, upon the maid's bed, while the maid, two men dressed as women, whom she had passed in the hallway, and her jewels were missing.

During the time employed by the thieves to loot the apartment a seamstress sat at her sewing machine in her room but heard no sound of the struggle. The seamstress accounted for this to the police by declaring that she was deaf.

Condensary Leases Farm.

R. B. Page and F. L. Ingram, president and secretary respectively of the Milk Condensary at Mill Hall, and Mr. Spence and George Ohl, also connected with the Condensary, have leased of Magnus Cluston the Gross farm, which is between the iron bridge at Flemington and Sanderson's lane. The lease is for a term of five years, and carries with it the privilege of purchasing the same within that time. It is the intent of those gentlemen to stock the farm with a lot of the best holstein cows that money can buy and the same will be sold to farmers who may want them. A carload of that stock of cows have already been placed on the farm and several more carloads will soon be added. It is safe to say that there is no doubt but that the above named gentlemen will purchase the farm in the near future. —Lock Haven Democrat.

$431 For Death of Infant.

John and Annie Bruner, Austrians, were awarded $431 damages against the Pennsylvania Railroad company in the Blair county court for the death of their eighteen-months-old son, Stephen. The child was killed by a train at Franklin Forge, July 12, 1910. He had wandered on the tracks without the knowledge of the parents.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year

The Redemptioner

A Story of American Colonial Times.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I won't marry him, and that's all there is about it."

The words were spoken 250 years ago by a lass to her stepmother in a seaport town in England. The family to which she belonged was large and its income small. A rich man stricken in years had taken a fancy to the girl, and in those days children were not expected to refuse to marry one whom their parents provided for them. Anne Yeomans spoke the words with a hot cheek and a flashing eye and at the same time flung herself out of the house and down the street.

"Now, don't you go and do anything foolish," her stepmother called after her, but she paid no attention to the warning, moving on rapidly, as if her only hope to get away from the hated connection was to put space between her and her home.

The town was built on a side hill and overlooked the harbor. A brisk wind was blowing, and below ships at anchor were rocking, the sails of one pointing to windward flapping ready to make sail.

"Whither away, my lass?" came a voice, and the hand of a woman was laid upon her arm.

"I'm running away," cried Anne passionately. "They're going to make me marry an ugly old man that I hate, and I won't."

"And where are you going?" asked the woman.

"How do I know where I'm going since I have no place to go?"

The woman soothed her, won her confidence and finally said to her:

"There's a fine opportunity for such a maid as you to go across the sea to the new country they call Virginia. Once out on the water you will leave your stepmother and the old man they intend to force you to marry, and doubtless among the sturdy young men of Jamestown you will find a husband worthy of you. Why, not long ago a shipload of young women were sent over there, and all were married at once and each to the man of her choice. Do you see that ship down in the harbor? She sails this afternoon for the new country, and if you like you can go on her."

"Alas, I have no money to pay the passage."

"I can arrange that for you. You can go as a redemptioner."

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"You contract to work out your passage money after you get to Virginia. I will pay the amount to the captain of the ship, who will see that you get a good mistress when you reach Jamestown. After you have earned the money that has been spent for your taking over you will be free to do as you like."

"And is the work hard?"

"Not at all. In summer you will have to work but five days and a half, and for two months, when the sun is in the highest pitch of his heat, you will be permitted to repose yourself three hours in the day. In winter there is little for the women to do but build fires."

The woman, dominating the girl, was meanwhile leading her on, directing her steps toward a dock. Anne suffering herself to be led without resistance. When they reached the verge the woman waved to the ship in the offing, and a boat was sent ashore.

"I've a redemptioner for you," said the woman. "Here are 20 guineas for the passage money, and see that the captain returns them with a goodly profit."

Whereupon the men in the boat beckoned Anne to get in with them, and when she drew back two of them got out, and, one taking her by each arm, they forced her into the boat, she not being decided whether to go with them willingly. But it was now too late, for she had fallen into the hands of those who were looking out for persons to take to the American colony to sell into bondage.

So Anne was rowed to the ship and placed below deck with others, some of whom had been kidnaped for the same purpose as she. There were also persons who had been sentenced for crime, the penalty having been changed to transportation to Virginia. One of these was a woman who had been sentenced to death for stealing 3s. 6d.

For forty days the little craft which bore this human cargo destined for semislavery breasted the Atlantic's huge billows, finally turning her prow into Chesapeake bay, passing the spot on which now stands Fort Monroe, through Hampton Roads, two centuries later destined to be the scene of the famous fight between the Monitor and Merrimac, which changed the battleships of the world from wood to steel, then moving on up the yellow waters of the James river, she cast anchor opposite the settlement of Jamestown.

A crowd of hungry looking men and women stood on the shore gaping at the newly arrived ship. They looked solitary and the place looked solitary. There were houses making up something that resembled a town, but these looked solitary too. A church had been built, the tower of which is standing today, a lone landmark of the town, its former inhabitants and their sufferings. Much of the Atlantic coast is and was then beautiful. Why these people chose such an unattractive spot on which to make the first American settlement is a mystery. As Anne looked from the ship on the town and on the churchyard it seemed to her that the latter was the more densely populated of the two.

Anne noticed that among those on the shore were very few women. There was a discouraged look on their faces, and one disease seemed to have descended upon them all—nostalgia, or homesickness. But Anne thought of the marriage that was to have been forced upon her in England, and it was enough to overcome any immediate desire to return there.

A gun was fired on the ship, and a hogshead of rum was sent aboard. When all were ready for the sale of the redemptioners the men were shaved and the women dressed in their best gowns, their neatest caps, and all were brought on deck. Since Anne had shipped as a runaway with only the clothes she had on at the time there was no finery to put on her. Since she was but eighteen and comely she did not need to be adorned. When the sale began each prisoner, at being put up to be purchased, told what was his trade.

Anne was bought by a middle aged man, whose benevolent face indicated that he would make a good master. He took her to his home, where she found that he had a wife and children. It was autumn, and most of the young men of the plantations were hunting for the winter supply of meat. One day when Anne was out gathering nuts, on rising from the ground with her apron full of the proceeds of her hunt, there stood before her a young man leaning on a rifle. His breeches and doublet were of buckskin, and his hat was decorated with the tail of a squirrel. Altogether he was a fine specimen of a man, not at all like the sallow, sickly looking men who were hanging about the town giving way to homesickness.

Richard Furnival had been in Virginia several years and now for the first time since his arrival looked upon a comely young woman. Indeed, to him, separated as he had been from the more delicate type of women—those who came to Virginia were not usually well born or well favored—Anne seemed to him a vision of loveliness.

"How now, pretty maid!" he exclaimed. "When did you come to this benighted land? You were surely not here when I went forth a few weeks ago to replenish my father's larder with venison."

Blushing under his admiring gaze, Anne replied that she had come on a ship which had arrived a fortnight before.

"If you came for a husband, heaven grant that you have not been taken up as yet. I have as many pounds of tobacco as will pay the amount advanced for your passage."

Anne, who was not used to the rapid courtships of the new world, blushed still deeper, but could not refrain from smiling at receiving a proposal of marriage from a man who had just seen her for the first time. She told him that her passage had been advanced by a woman in England and that she had been purchased by a citizen of Jamestown.

"Then will I buy you from that citizen if he will sell and if you will marry me."

"I know not if he will sell," replied Anne, making no reference to the other part of what the young man had said.

"And pray who bought you?"

"A Mr. Andrew Furnival."

"Andrew Furnival! Heaven be praised! He is my father."

They walked on together, the young man insisting on carrying the nuts, so Anne took off her apron and, gathering the corners, handed them to him. She had heard that the oldest son of the family she served was hunting, but did not know till this last remark that this was the man. As soon as they had arrived at the Furnival home and the young man had been welcomed he told her father that he wished to marry his bondservant. The father made no objection, but Anne, who was well treated and satisfied with her present condition, preferred a wooing. At any rate, she gave no affirmative answer.

But she enjoyed the companionship of Richard Furnival, for when her work was done she walked with him in the wood, starting now and again some animal, which scampered away through the brush and over the dead leaves, or they would sit on the bank of the river watching the swirling yellow waters, looking across at the desolate wilderness opposite, and there was that in the loneliness of the place to force them together. In a strange land with little companionship courtships cannot be long. But it was a period of anxiety for Richard, for Anne was disposed to appear at least to waver, and since there were scores of men who would have given their heads to get her her lover dreaded lest he lose her.

Finally Andrew Furnival decided to leave Jamestown and its miseries, move up Chesapeake bay and join the settlement established by Lord Baltimore. Soon after their arrival there Anne yielded to Richard's persuasions and married him.

While the site of Jamestown is now the bleak, lonely spot it was when the settlers were there, Baltimore is a great city. Steamers moving up or down the James river tie up at the wharf to put off and take on a few passengers, while tourists on the guards look out upon all there is left of the former settlement, the tower of the church in which the first American settlers worshiped. Were it not for the interposition of the United States government the river would by this time have washed away even the site of the historic spot. That misfortune is prevented by a substantial riprap.

ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!

Scratch and rub—rub and scratch—until you feel as if you could almost tear the burning skin from your body—until it seems as if you could no longer endure these endless days of awful torture—those terrible nights of sleepless agony.

Then—a few drops of D. D. D., the famous Eczema Specific and, Oh! what relief! The itch gone instantly! Comfort and rest at last!

D. D. D. is a simple external wash that cleanses and heals the inflamed skin as nothing else can. A recognized specific for Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum or any other skin trouble.

We can give you a full size bottle of the genuine D. D. D. remedy for $1.00 and if the very first bottle fails to give relief it will not cost you a cent.

We also can give you a sample bottle for 25 cents. Why suffer another day when you can get D. D. D.?

GREEN'S PHARMACY COMPANY

Centre Countians' Picnic.

The ninth good old-fashioned annual basket picnic of the Centre County Association of Philadelphia will be held on Saturday, 2 P. M., June 22, at Belmont Mansion, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The slogan of the committee on arrangements is "Lest We Forget."

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

The antiseptic powder to shae into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, wollen tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mrs. Lela Love, wife of Wiley Love, a farmer living near Covena, Ga., says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and find them to be all you claim for them. They gave me almost instant relief when my kidney's were sluggish and inactive. I can cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers from kidney troubles." C. M. Parrish.

EDW. K. RHOADS

At his yard opposite the P. R. R. Passenger Station, sells only,
BEST QUALITIES
—(or)—
ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS
COALS
Also All Kinds of
Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand.

Superior Screenings for Lime Burning. Builders and Plasterers' Sand.

TELEPHONE CALLS:
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"I Suffered Years With My Back."

Backache resulting from weak kidneys, a bad cold or other cause, usually renders the sufferer unfit for work and often results in permanent disability.

"I suffered for years with my back, or kidney trouble, and have tried a number of remedies from different physicians. More than a year ago, one of our local druggists induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

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As long as pain is present in any part of the body rest is impossible and the system becoming weakened is exposed to any form of disease to which the sufferer may be inclined.

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by steadying the irritated nerve centers, make refreshing sleep possible, thereby enabling the body to recover lost strength. As a remedy for pain of any description Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are unsurpassed.

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Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures,

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and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

Prices $1.00 and Upward

Mrs. Bertha Rupp
426 East College Avenue,
STATE COLLEGE, - PENNA.

10,000 Miles on Horseback.

Miss Alberta Claire, the "girl from Wyoming," completed her 10,000-mile horseback journey at Atlantic City late on Sunday afternoon, entering the surf astride her mustang "Bud" at Tennessee Avenue while thousands watched her from the boardwalk. She was on the road since September 10, 1910, when she left her home at Sheridan, Wyo. With her at the finish was "Dixie" a big mastiff that trotted behind her during the entire trip.

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Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, Y.

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Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
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Of the savings in our bank is interest—GOOD INTEREST —for the use of your money.

Twice a year you reap the harvest on the dollars you have planted here during that time. There is no safer soil than a bank, with ample resources and wise management; no surer yield than the three per cent. interest we pay. Saving leads to success.

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It adds to the credit of any man to be able to write his check in settlement of an account, payment of a debt or for the purchase of anything, no matter how small, and insures a receipt and record of the transaction that may save trouble later on.

The First National Bank,

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A Peculiar Suicide.

Using an electric needle attached by wire to an elecrolier, Charles Beals, 43 years old, chef at the Union station restaurant in Pittsburg, was electrocuted in a most unusual manner on Saturday at his home in Wilkinsburg. Beals inserted the needle near his heart and paralyzed the organ.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

DREER'S SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
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AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
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for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.
For sale at C M Parrish, druggist.

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FOR PARTY SUCCESS.

Although the Presidential nomination, on the eve of the Chicago convention, is decidedly "in the air," there is unquestionably no doubt of the fact that many persons are hoping for some solution that will solidify the party ranks and insure Republican victory next November.

President Taft and his managers have given expression to some things in the last few months which preclude any hope of active, sincere support from Roosevelt sources in the event that Mr. Taft is renominated. On the other hand, Colonel Roosevelt has beyond all doubt taken so radical a stand in opposition to Taft and his friends that a Roosevelt nomination would not command any enthusiastic response from many sincere supporters of the President.

Any Republican to be elected President must have behind him the support of the united Republican party. The situation as it exists on the eve of the Chicago convention offers little or nothing to encourage the great rank and file, who after all are most concerned in the election of a Republican President. All reports from Chicago would seem to indicate that Taft and Roosevelt each has about the same number of delegates. If pressed to a finish the result as between them now appears to hinge on a few dozen votes.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have it in their power to reunite the Republican party and elect a Republican President who will maintain and advance Republican policies. They have it in their power to ask the convention to nominate some third man who has not become involved in the present family quarrel, but who is big enough and broad enough to lead the party to success. We believe that such a termination of the present division in the party would be hailed with delight by Republicans the country over. It would at the same time end the present enthusiastic hopes for the election of a Democratic President.

If Teddy is in Chicago next week's national convention will be about the warmest place on earth.

The Weather Man must have a kindly feeling toward State College, judging by the ideal weather served for commencement week.

Until the two national conventions are out of the way, the public has little to hope for in the line of accurate estimates about anything or anybody.

Governor Wilson's political managers have issued to each delegate to the Baltimore convention an 1800-word letter telling of Mr. Wilson's virtues. It sometimes takes a good many words to get around some things.

Taft says he has enough votes to win. So does Roosevelt. So does Clark. So does Wilson. So does each and every candidate in each and every campaign. It was ever thus, and thus it ever will be.

Some political aspirants are "in the hands of their friends." Bryan manages to keep his friends in his hands. Surest way to keep them from getting into some other fellow's hands.

Here's to the best year ever at State. May she live long and prosper.

The college graduate, having received his sheepskin and countless other honors, will now get down to earning a living.

President Hibben, of Princeton, says that a college man is worth but six dollars a week during his first year out of college. He costs a great deal more a week before he leaves college.

Should the Chicago convention wind up in a love feast, there won't be such a strong itch for the nomination to be handed out at Baltimore. The more harmony at Chicago, the less itch at Baltimore.

In the personal bitterness between some of the Taft and Roosevelt people, apparently all thought has been lost as to the wisdom of nominating a candidate who can be elected next November. Winning at Chicago does not necessarily mean winning in November.

A fond, affectionate farewell to the loafers who considered it a day lost when they neglected to plaster themselves onto the rickety, old porch in front of "The Republican" office. Said loafers should hold an indignation meeting and tar and feather the fellow who ripped out the porch to make room for the new concrete sidewalk.

At the same time, Billy Bryan keeps one eye on Wilson and Clark and the other eye on that nomination at Baltimore. Bryan, speaking of Wilson and Clark, says that both are good men. Notice that he always says "both." Having helped "both" right along, what's the matter with "both" joining in a grand hurrah for Bryan at Baltimore and simply forcing William J. to again sacrifice his personal comfort, etc., and again become the party nominee for President

Not Accustomed to Princes.

An English paper tells this story about Oliver Wendell Holmes. When in England in 1886 he was at a great reception in London. He sat quietly in a corner, feeling a little faint, and, observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elederly man, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a bottle of soda water. The supposed servant brought the soda with great alacrity and remarked: "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes. I am Prince Christian."

The autocrat of the breakfast table was naturally taken aback, but quickly recovered himself and said: "Dear me! I have not had much acquaintance with princes—at least not enough to distinguish them from waiters at a glance."

After that the genial poet soon became the center of a circle of royal people, whom he entertained for hours

Odd Definitions.

"Amusing and ridiculous answers to examination questions are fairly common in graded public schools everywhere, I suppose," said a teacher at a public institution for the higher education of the colored race, "but an example recently handed in by a girl at least eighteen years of age surpasses anything of this kind I have heard yet.

"Being required to define the word 'tithe' and compose a sentence showing its use, her paper read: 'Tithe, something that binds, love, friendship. "Blest be the tithe that binds."'

"A scarcely less amusing answer was given by another pupil:

"'Upbraid, to braid up. She upbraided her hair. To lift up. They upbraided their hero who was dead with their bayonets.'"

A Dread Ordeal.

The Rev. Mr. Inch of Dumbarton told how on one occasion in his old church in Dundee a brother minister had preached a rather long sermon and he (Mr. Inch) had occasion later on to enter the pulpit to make an intimation, whereupon a "wee Macgregor," who was in the gallery with his mother and the rest of the family, took fright and exclaimed very loudly: "Come awa', maw. There's anither man guan tae begin!"—Glasgow Times

Which It Really Was.

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "now that you've seen my new hat you simply can't regret that I got it. Isn't it just a poem?"

"Well, if it is," replied John, "I suppose a proper title for it would be 'Owed to a Milliner.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hard Tree to Climb.

Unfortunately, as the majority have discovered in every age, the tree of fame is an inconveniently tall tree; the trunk of it is abominably smooth, too, affording very little foothold to the climber.

An Ideal Husband.

"He makes an ideal husband."

"That so?"

"Yes. Whenever she entertained her club at night you'd hardly know he was in the house."—Detroit Free Press

Corrected.

Wife—I really believe you married me simply because I have money. Hub—You're wrong. I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it.—Boston Transcript.

Stead and King Leopold.

Mr. W. T. Stead counted among the most trying experiences of his life an interview he had with King Leopold of Belgium at the time when Gordon was shut up in Khartum. He went to Brussels and obtained a special interview with the king in order to propose that he should move on behalf of Gordon and claim the Sudan as his reward. Leopold answered that he would ont accept the Sudan if it were "offered to him on a silver salver," but Mr. Stead urged his point, and they debated the matter in strenuous fashion for over an hour.

"He was exceedingly angry," said Mr. Stead, "and raged and fumed in such a fashion that I felt more than once it would have given him great satisfaction to have drawn his sword and thrust it through the vitals of his English visitor. * * * It was a trying ordeal for me. I was glad to learn after that Leopold also felt the strain." Meeting M. de Laveleye (who had introduced Mr. Stead) some months afterward at Spa, the king referred to the interview. "Stead!" he exclaimed. "It was terrible. How that man made me swear!"—London Chronicle.

The Captain Had to Decide.

Etiquette on the great liners has its difficulties, to judge from the following letter: "The question of precedence makes a morgue of the first dinner on board, when a few foreign titles happen to let their cerulean blood boil over into the soup. On a recent voyage the commander was told by the chief steward that there were two Austrian ladies of title on board. One was an elderly baroness; the other was higher in rank, but quite young. Both were determined to sit on the right of the skipper. Driven to despair, he said, 'I will let the ladies settle the matter for themselves, and I won't go down till dinner is half over.' We had reached the cheese when the unhappy commander crept warily to his seat. Both ladies were still standing frigidly behind his empty chair. He had to do something, so he gave the younger warrior the seat of honor, while the vanquished baroness looked chain lightning at the enemy."—London Opinion.

Our Funny Bone.

The "funny" bone or "crazy" bone, as it is commonly called, is in reality no bone at all, but a nerve, and its peculiar name, of facetious origin, is a pun on the word "humerus," the cylindrical bone which runs from the shoulder to the elbow, the ulnar nerve passing around it. The nerve is here superficial and therefore comparatively unprotected, so that it may be easily compressed, and then a blow upon it causes a strange tingling sensation in the course of its distribution, which is felt as far away as the little finger. The humerus has been the occasion of humor in others, for Locker wittily writes in "An Old Muff," published about 1740:

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone.
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

What Susie Was.

The Mexican was showing his newly arrived New York guest to a room, and after the usual courtesies he paused on the threshold to say: "By the way, we always turn Susie loose for the night, and she will pass through your hall on the way to the top door, where she catches rats. You'd better be careful and not step on her, as that is the only thing that makes her cross."

"It wouldn't be very serious if I did make a cat cross," was the laughing response. But the host shook his head.

"I don't know much about cats," he said. "Our Susie is a boa constrictor. She's as gentle as a baby unless you step on her. Sometimes she takes a short cut through this room, so don't be surprised if you see her. Good night."—New York Press.

A Fair Opportunity.

Tasso, being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, replied, "I wish not to plunder him, but there are things which I wish to take from him—not his honor or his life, but his malice and ill will."

Well spoken—a noble taking from an enemy, "his malice and ill will!" How is that done? Love is the potent weapon. "Heap coals of fire on his head."—Exchange.

Hardly Fair.

"Which is your favorite among the plays of Shakespeare, Mr. Henpeck?"

"'The Taming of the Shrew,'"

"But do you think you ought to permit your personal feeling to get the better of your judgment in such a matter?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Looking For Trouble.

A very young gentleman, after hearing some vigorous language from his father, called up his grandmother on the telephone and warned her, "You better come down to our house and see about the words your son has been using."—Exchange.

Too Liberal.

Customer—Why doesn't that spinster, Miss Brown, deal at your store now? Draper—One of my clerks insulted her. Customer—How? Draper—She overheard him telling some one that she was our oldest customer.—London Tit-Bits.

A Provider.

Wife—Can you give me a little more housekeeping money, my dear? Husband—Sorry, my love, but I haven't a cent left. I've been insuring against burglary and theft.—Fliegende Blatter.

A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit.—Chesterfield.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WASHING AT HOME—Mrs. Fannie Pendelton, Penn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Good rubber-tire top buggy; in first class condition; is almost new. Inquire of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Nice ten room house; about two acres; good small orchard; one-fourth mile from Howard. Address C. M. MUFFLY, Howard, Pa.

LOST—Gold locket and chain; locket bears initials "E. L. M." Finder will be rewarded by returning same to W. S. Mallalieu, Bell Telephone Company.

FOUND—A bunch of keys tied by a narrow strap was found on Howard Street. Owner may recover same by calling at this office, identifying property and paying for this notice.

BABY CHICKS—Baby chicks for sale; single comb White Leghorn; $8.50 per hundred, of pure bred, healthy, free range parent stock. Inquire of J. Fred Best, Hublersburg, Pa.

GROCERY FOR SALE—An established grocery store in Bellefonte is for sale Prospective purchasers who mean business may learn full particulars by inquiring at or communicating with "The Republican" office.

FOR SALE—Six good horses, range in weight from 1100 to 1400; good for all purposes; farm or team. Inquire of F. H. Clemson, Bell Telephone, Stormstown, Pa. Or D. B. Mattern Commercial Phone, Stormstown, Pa.

WANTED—A person in every community to take orders for "The Sinking of the Titanic and Great Sea Disasters." Liberal commission. Agents making from $5 to $10 per day. Don't delay. Be first in the field, and you will reap the rich reward. Write today. Address Box 27, Spring Mills, Pa., Centre Co. Both 'Phones, Bell 29-2, Commercial2-31.

HOUSE FOR RENT—The Colonel Austin Curtin house, at the Curtin rolling mill, will be rented by the month or year to desirable tenant. Contains eleven rooms. Is in first-class condition. Elegant water. Handy to good fishing and splendid boating. An ideal proposition for family desiring to rent a country home for the summer, or longer. Property and surroundings should be inspected, to be fully appreciated. For terms and other information inquire of or address H. Laird Curtin, Curtin, Pa.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.18
Butter, per pound	.18
Potatoes	1.15

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	1.05
Wheat, red	1.10
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.80
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.80
Oats, (per bu.)	.60
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.55

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitution disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing the work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Swelled the Account.

The well known Paris theater manager Doligny relates in his reminiscences an encounter he had with the elder Dumas which furnishes an illustration of the novelist's wiliness. Doligny produced Dumas' drama, "Kean," with the rather peculiar stipulation that the author should receive one-third of the gross receipts when these exceeded 3,000 francs and nothing at all if they fell below that figure. Dumas, who was always hard up, came late one evening to get his share.

"Luck is against you again," said the manager. "You don't get anything tonight. Here is the account."

Dumas glanced at it and went away. In a few minutes he came back and said:

"Just look over the account again and then pay me 1,000 francs. The ticket that I just bought for 3 francs brings the total up to 3,000 francs and 50 centimes."

Described the Situation.

"When the Russian emigrants try to say Halifax it sounds like something much worse," said an officer on board a steamship that puts in at the port of Halifax on her return trip from Holland. "They call it 'Hellofix.' On our last trip home we were not far from Halifax when the vessel broke a shaft, and we were obliged to put in at a port that was nearer to us for repairs. It was a bad break and likely to delay us, and the captain's temper was considerably ruffled. As we steamed into the little port some of the emigrants, thinking we had reached Halifax, spread the news among their fellows, and one of them who had learned a little English came running to the captain:

"'We—in—a—Hellofix?' he inquired eagerly.

"'That's just what we are!' roared the captain."—New York Press.

Moore, but deprived of its nobility and strength and sweet geniality. It was the portrait of Justin Moore with every weak point emphasized.

Late that evening Ralph Evans sent the portrait up to the handsome house where Justin Moore's widow dwelt.

* * * * * * *

A week later he received a note from Alicia. "Come and dine with me," she wrote. "Bring your violin and we will have some music."

He went

Alicia, pale and quiet with unutterable sadness in her beautiful eyes, made him welcome in the library. His quick glance noted that Justin's picture hung over the mantel and Alicia's chair had been wheeled in front of it.

"You are not looking so well," he remarked gravely.

"I have been low spirited," she confessed.

Evans winced. A familiar saying of Justin Moore's recurred to him with startling suddenness, "A man who can't play fair better keep out of the game."

Had he played fair?

Her hand clinched upon the table until the knuckles showed white.

"You like the portrait?" he asked deliberately.

At first she flushed, and then her face went pale. When she spoke it was in a cold, hard tone that was unlike any utterance that he had ever heard from her gentle lips.

"Did you ever consider the difference between a living face and its pictured presentment? The first shows such varying expressions that the real character of the face escapes one. In a faithful likeness," she indicated the one over the mantel, "daily association with the immutable expression of the painted features awakens one to the real character of—the—the person."

She paused breathlessly and looked at him with wide, anguished eyes.

"What do you mean, Alicia?" he asked, with dry lips, but he knew.

She pointed to the portrait of her husband. "There, there! I thought I knew my husband. I believed Justin was good and noble. I loved his face for its strength and kindness, and now—and now"— She pressed her hands to her overflowing eyes.

"And now?" prompted Ralph with a strange listlessness in his tone.

"Since it has been hung here it looks like the face of a villain! But it is the picture of the husband that I loved and still—it is not the picture of what I believed him to be. Can't you understand? If—Justin was really like that I shall hate his memory." She leaned against the tall back of a chair and looked at him with wet, questioning eyes.

Ralph Evans hesitated. He glanced from the sinister portrait on the wall to the anguished countenance of the young widow whom it was his misfortune to love. He was overcome by a great shame at his own transgression.

He would play fair.

"You are morbidly sensitive, Alicia," he said gently. "The picture is badly hung. May I come tomorrow and rectify the matter?"

"You think that is the trouble?" she asked eagerly. "Oh, I hope it is—only that."

"You will find that I am right," he said confidently. "Now come and look over the music I have brought. After dinner we will have some Chopin."

* * * * * * *

The next day when Ralph called he was relieved to find that Alicia was out. He was glad that he was to have the library to himself for a brief period before her return.

It was the work of a few moments to pull out a small painting kit and behind locked doors to restore Justin Moore's face to its original likeness.

The face of the artist changed as he painted. Harsh lines faded away and softer ones came about his eyes and mouth until he stood before his pictured rival rejuvenated, reincarnated, more manly—what it had always been in him to be and what a struggle with bitter jealousy had brought about—his better self.

When Alicia returned the portrait hung between the windows. A doubting glance leaped from her eyes to the painter, to the portrait and back to Evans.

"You were right, Ralph," she cried gratefully. "It was in the hanging of the picture, and I had such foolish, morbid fears about poor Justin. I wonder if you know what a great thing you have done for me?"

She held out her hand, and this time Ralph's clasp was cool and friendly—nothing more. His face was very pale.

"I am very glad," he said quietly and went away.

Many months afterward, when his patience had its reward in the love of Alicia Moore, they stood before the portrait once more.

"Ralph," said Alicia softly, "I think it was very unselfish of you to paint such a wonderful likeness of Justin when—when you"— She paused and blushed vividly.

"When I loved you?" finished Ralph earnestly. "I was tempted, Alicia—and I fell—but I played fair after all. Justin would have said that I played fair." He ended wistfully.

"Even Justin would have said that—after you changed the picture," she said gently.

He dropped his face against her bright hair. "You knew it all the time and could forgive—and tolerate me?"

She did not reply at once. She was thinking. Had she better tell him all and wound him? At last she said:

"I knew it that morning when you rehung it. The first act—changing it—was yielding to a temptation; the last—restoring it—was an act of nobility, dear, and it was then I first began to love you," said Alicia tenderly.

The Picture

He "Played Fair" After All.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ralph Evans lifted the drapery from the easel and gazed long and earnestly at the picture. There was a bitter smile on his thin lips as he hummed a little tune under his breath.

It was an excellent portrait of Justin Moore—a speaking likeness, one might say, of the artist's closest friend. Justin was handsome, with a beauty of feature that barely escaped effeminacy, but the mouth was strong enough to justify the penetrating gray eyes, the noble forehead with its sweep of dark hair and the resolute chin.

The pity of it was that the beauty and magnetism of the face were hidden forever. Justin Moore had died a year ago, and the portrait, commenced when he was vigorous with health, had just been completed.

Alicia Moore, Justin's beautiful young widow, was coming to view it for the first time. During the period of her deep grief at the sudden loss of her husband Justin's friend had stood at her right hand throughout the dark days. It was Evans who had attended to all the harassing details connected with the sad event. It was he who had been named as executor of the will and who had settled the affairs of his dead friend with infinite tact and sympathy.

And Alicia, who had no near relatives in the world to share her mourning, had turned to her husband's friend with a pitiful yearning for sympathy and understanding in her sorrow. To Ralph Evans she spoke freely of Justin and gave him, at first shyly and then without restraint her full confidence.

In the first sting of sorrow the portrait had been thrust aside, but of late Alicia had yearned for the picture, and for her sake Ralph had painted feverishly to complete it. Now it was finished, and Alice was coming to view it.

As he stood there, his fine eyes meeting those of the portrait with a certain defiance, he was thinking of Alicia Moore. He could see her, tall and slender, in her black draperies, eagerly tracing the well known features of her beloved, choking back tears of grief at the familiar smile in the gray eyes and the winning curves of Justin's genial mouth.

A pang of agony struck in deep as he thought of these things. Alicia was young and beautiful, and he had loved her long and hopelessly. With that speaking likeness of her dead husband ever before her, would she, could she, forget Justin? Could he, Ralph, ever win her?

His heart answered "No."

The door of the studio opened, and Alicia Moore entered, trailing soft black draperies over the rugs. With a quick, graceful gesture she tossed back the crape veil and glanced at the picture.

"You have finished it?" she questioned eagerly.

Without answering Evans lifted his eyes and drank in the exquisite loveliness of her face. The soft, pure texture of her fair skin, the deep blue of her dark lashed eyes and the red gold coloring of her magnificent hair shining beneath the sombre head covering.

"It is ready for inspection—I hope you will like it," he said hoarsely as she withdrew her hand from his and turned to the portrait.

For a few moments she stood in rapt silence before it. Then tears filled her eyes, and her gloved hands were pressed against her bosom.

"How like him, Ralph! You have caught all the strength and nobility of expression. This is wonderful. Poor—poor Justin!" The tears dropped unheeded on her cheeks.

Ralph strangled a desire to comfort her—to tell her that joy and happiness yet remained for her; that she was too young to spend the years in grieving over one who could not be recalled. He was fiercely jealous of Alicia's grief for her husband. Would there never be a chance for him to lay at her feet his life and love and happiness?

"It is the next thing to seeing Justin in the flesh," she murmured softly. "It shall hang in the library. Do you know, Ralph, you have made me very happy?"

She turned to him with outstretched hand and trembling lips.

The hands that caught hers gripped them. Something in his manner—his silence and the bright fierceness of his eyes—startled her, and she withdrew her hands with sudden reserve that Evans was quick to note.

"You can send it to me at once?" she asked.

"This afternoon if you wish. I will send it by Satterly. He will hang it for you."

"Thank you so much. No one but Justin's friend could have caught these intimate expressions." She smiled brightly at him through the tears.

After he had placed her in the elevator and had returned to the studio and locked the door Ralph Evans went to the picture and studied it with dark, inscrutable eyes.

Suddenly he caught up palette and brush and added a few deft strokes to the pictured face of Justin Moore. Then he stepped back and gazed defiantly at the portrait.

It was still the portrait of Justin

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

W. D. Cooke and family spent Sunday with friends in Lamar.

Mrs. M. Miner entertained her niece, Miss Wilson, of Salona, on Thursday.

Mrs. Abe Weber and daughter Emma were Friday shoppers in Lock Haven.

Rev. Faust and family left on Tuesday for a few days visit in Pitcairn.

Miss Emma Robb left on the 4.17 train Tuesday for a week's visit with friends in Altoona.

Arthur Confer, of Yarnell, visited Miss Eva Neff over Sunday.

O. M. Lucas, of Altoona, was a Sunday visitor with his mother and sister.

Charles Woodward, of Philadelphia, visited his father several days this week.

George Bulkly and family visited in Bellefonte last week.

Mrs. S. C. Burnside, of Bellefonte, is visiting her sisters this week.

Howard A. Robb left on Monday for Pittsburg.

Mrs. F. P. Crider visited her mother in Bellefonte on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Pletcher shopped in Bellefonte on Thursday.

Miss Grace Schenck of Milesburg visited her parents over Sunday.

John Fearon, of Mill Hall, was in town Thursday on a visit to his old friend I. R. Williams.

B. F. Beck, of Lock Haven, a manufacturer of window ventilators, was a visitor in town on Monday.

Misses Lillian Williams and Harriet Ray, of Bellefonte, visited friends here over Sunday.

Mrs. Sherman Holter and her mother, Mrs. Wilson, spent Sunday with Boyd Wilson in Williamsport.

Miss Kimport, of Bellefonte, was a Sunday guest of Mrs. H. T. Lucas.

Mrs. W. H. Holter attended commencement at Allentown where her daughter Lulu was a graduate, returning home Sunday morning.

Miss Olive Stiffler, of Frankstown, stopped off between trains on Tuesday to visit at the home of W. F. Hall.

Logan DeArment, a member of the Johnstown fire department, is visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. E. C. Dietz of State College, and daughter Mrs. Lulu Williams, of Westberry, N. Y., are visiting friends here this week.

Misses Olive Gardner, of Blanchard, and Edith Weber and Balser Weber were driven to State College on Tuesday in Harry Wetzel's auto to attend commencement.

The members of Lick Run Lodge I. O. O. F. will attend services in the Methodist church next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. The sermon will be preached by Rev. J. E. Dunning.

A large audience attended the children's service at the M. E. church on Sunday evening. It was very good and showed the skill of the trainers, Misses Anna Muffly and Edith Weber.

James Holter and daughter Roxy, of Eagleville, were Sunday visitors with his father, M. P. Holter.

Mrs. Oscar Yerger and children, Katharine and Norris, of Bellefonte, visited friends here several days last week.

Rev. Lewis Robb, of Wilkinsburg, visited his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Robb, Sr., last week.

Miss Hilda Wagner is attending commencement at State College this week and is also visiting some of her friends.

Miss Isabelle Rowe, of Lock Haven, visited at the home of Mrs. J. H. Wagner last Thursday.

Mrs. Thomas Thomas and daughter Gertrude left one day last week for Myerstown, where her daughter Maude will graduate from Albright College.

Clarence Evans, of Jenkins, Kan., is visiting here this week and attending commencement at State his Alma Mater.

A large delegation of our young men attended the Lock Haven carnival on Saturday night.

Ronald Welch and school chum Mr. Black, of the Lock Haven Normal, visited the former's parents over Sunday.

Misses Lauretta Weber and Josephine Muffly, of the Central State Normal School, visited their respective parents over Sunday.

Dr. O. W. McEntire is seriously considering the erection of a building on his lot on Spring street for the use of entertainments, lectures, etc. According to his present plans the building will be 36x60 feet, one story high, with a stage and removable seats, so that the hall could be used for most any purpose desired. Such a hall has been very much desired for many years and if the Dr's. plans materalize he will be filling a long-felt want.

Ladies Make $3.00 to $5.00 Daily

We want a Live Representative in every town to introduce our complete line of spring and summer Suitings, Waistings, Silks, Petticoats. Handkerchiefs, Corsets and Hosiery. We furnish exclusive patterns, attractive samples, and give exclusive territory to active representatives, and furnish a very elaborate sample outfit free; extending credit to those furnishing satisfactory references. For full particulars, address MUTUAL FABRIC CO., Dept. 25, Binghamton, N. Y.

A Card.

This is to certify that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound does not contain any opiates, any habit forming drugs, or any ingredients that could possibly harm its users. On the contrary, its great healing and soothing qualities make it a real remedy for coughs, colds and irritations of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accepts no substitute. C. M. Parrish

Pine Grove Mills.

Miss Mary Houck is on the sick list.

H. L. Dale spent Monday at Fairbrook.

Miss Edith Sankey is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. G. Hess.

Mrs. Tressler is building an addition to her home at Strubles.

John Houck is sporting a brand new rubber tired buggy.

J. B. Whitmer spent Saturday at the County Capital.

Dr. Krebs is erecting a new yard fence along Main Street.

The wedding we had on the slate last week will materialize soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamill Glenn spent Sunday at the G. B. Fry home.

J. B. Goheen is building a 26x40 addition to his barn. John Reynolds has the job.

Mrs. Luther Miller is much improved and is able to go about the place again.

Mrs. John Rhodes, of Blair County, is visiting friends about Penna. Furnace, the home of her birth.

Mrs. Mary Jean Stewart, of Altoona, is visiting her brother, G. W. McWilliams, at Fairbrook.

Rev. Mr. Spangler, of Selinsgrove, will fill the Lutheran pulpit here on Sunday morning, next, at 10.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith and little daughter Eliza, of Altoona, were at Grandpa Port's on Sunday.

Clement Dale, one of Bellefonte's legal lights, spent Sunday with friends on the Branch. He was accompanied by his daughter, Ethel.

Mrs. Beckie Floray and children, of Potters Mills, are visitors at the Grove home.

J. I. Markel, of Bellwood, is here with his daughter, Mrs. J. A. Fortney, who is very ill from pneumonia.

Miss Mary Harter, of Potters Mills, is being entertained by her school mate, Mary Homan, this week.

G. W. McWilliams is building an addition to his barn, 40x60. Ward and Sons are the builders.

Peter M. Weber, of Huntingdon, has been visiting with his brother, John, who is quite ill.

Henrietta McGirk, of Altoona, attended commencement at State College and also visited friends thereabouts.

W. E. Ghaner had a set-to with a young bull, and came out victorious, although he is wearing a black eye.

Miss Olive Mitchell, of Bellefonte, spent Saturday at the home of her childhood here.

Rev. Mr. Dale, of Pittsburg, is visiting his father, William J. Dale, on Main Street.

The neighbors gathered at the Ed. Corl farm Tuesday to give him a lift at an old-fashioned barn-raising.

Harry Sunday will hull out the golden grain this season. Harry purchased C. H. Myer's outfit, which he will take charge of at once.

Rev. R. M. Illingsworth has resigned his charge at Marietta, and with his family is making his mid-summer visit at Grandpa Snyder's home at White Hall.

Miss Anna Dale and mother spent Monday at the W. J. Dale home on the corner.

Chrildren's Day will be observed in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning, next.

J. C. Gilliland and wife and daughter Ethel, were welcome visitors at the H W. McCracken home in the Glades, and tarried awhile at the J. H. McWilliams home.

Charley Myers had a runaway Saturday evening. He untied his stepper and was in the act of getting into the buggy when the animal run off, dragging him quite a distance, when he was obliged to relinquish his hold. After a good run the horse was caught. Nothing was broken, but the tailor has a job of patching up a suit of badly shredded clothing.

Blanchard.

Mrs. Hayes Pletcher and son are visiting with Mrs. Frank Wetzler, at Milesburg.

Mrs. Matilda Bechdel entertained the Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Clark, on Sunday.

Mrs. John Fravel, of Monument, attended the memorial services in Blanchard on Sunday.

David Smith is again able to be about, after being laid up for several weeks with an attack of pluerisy.

Frank Shroat, of Lock Haven, several days ago transacted business and also greeted friends here.

Christian Stover, of New Jersey, is visiting his mother and little son, Franklin, for a few days.

Several of the Rebekahs of the Blanchard Lodge were in Howard on Friday evening helping install officers.

Miss Blanche Kunes returned home last Thursday after a delightful visit with friends in Williamsport and Sunbury.

Mrs. Carrie B. Fore entertained on Friday, her guests being Mrs. Wilson, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. Coffee, of Philadelphia.

Henrietta and Mary Quigley, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Quigley, of Bellefonte, recently enjoyed a little visit with their grandparents, Captain and Mrs. J. A. Quigley.

Frank Wetzler and Mr. Swartz, of the Milesburg Baptist church, autoed to Blanchard on Sunday to attend the memorial service, the sermon to the Odd Fellows being preached by Rev. S. S. Clark.

Some of our citizens are complaining about the conduct of a few of the young men in town. Last week while one of our young ladies was passing down the street some of the young men in question so far forgot themselves as to publicly make fun at her. They were severely scolded by a merchant who has backbone enough to defend the ladies. Some of the young men, at least, have twice been notified of their behavior on the streets, and if they continue their practices they will be summoned before the proper authorities. The Justice of the Peace has asked them to desist, and their better judgment should prompt them to take his advice in time.

Use Disinfectants!

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness"—There is a direct connection between filth and disease—It pays to keep on hand a reliable disinfactant—And to use it in the Bath Room—the Kitchen—the Cellar—the Stable—the Chicker House and Garbage Can—

Destroy The Germs And be Safe

We keep a supply of the best disinfectants—Such as Creolin—Kreso—Chlorides—Hydrogen Peroxide and others—You spend money for screens to protect your home yet the price of one window screen will purchase enough Kreso or Creolin to disinfect your house, barn and poultry houses for a year—

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Mt. Eagle.

Some of the farmers are still busy planting corn.

Will Tice was a business visitor to Bellefonte a few days ago.

Miss Ethel Bitner attended the examination at Howard last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Strickland and children spent Saturday in Lock Haven.

Mr. Yearick last Thursday loaded a car of match wood for a Pittsburg lumber company.

Roland Bryan, of Curtin, spent Sunday here with his daughter, Mrs. T. G. Leathers.

A moving picture show was here but could not get the school house in which to give an exhibition.

E. H. Leathers has been away for several days, during which time the handle factory was idle.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks and Miss Lulu Johnston visited with friends at Kennedy last Wednesday.

Miss Anna Deitz, who accompanied the teachers' excursion to Washington, D. C., returned home last Friday night.

County Surveyor Wetzel was in town the beginning of the week, running the lines for J. F. Dietz and the stock farm.

Miss Myrtle Robinson, who is employed in Howard, spent Sunday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Robinson, Sr.

Will Robinson, who is employed in the Renovo shops, came home on Saturday morning to get his potato ground ready for planting.

Robert McCartney had hard luck on Monday evening. One of his horses got tangled up in a barbed wire fence and severely cut a leg.

Burned Church Mortgage.

At special jubilee services in the Mill Hall Methodist Episcopal church, last Sunday evening, the mortgage was burned, marking the final payment on $9,000, which represented the cost of the new church, built in 1905.

Notice.

The annual stockholders meeting of the State College Transportation Company, will be held at 7 P. M., Monday, June 24th, 1912, in the Alpha Fire Company Hall, State College, Pa., for the election of officers and other business as may properly come before it.

S. K. HOSTETTER,
Secretary.

6-13-3t

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Marvelous Dividend Achievements

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York paid in dividends in 1911 the sum of $13,631,857, an amount without precedent in this country or any other. The Company has also apportioned for payments of dividends in 1912 the enormous sum of $15,146,685, an amount greater by nearly two millions than any other company has ever paid in a single year. Indeed, of 160 companies doing business in the United States, only 13, including industrial, had up to January 1st, 1911, paid during their entire existence, as large a total in dividends as the sum apportioned by the Mutual Life for 1912.

AGENTS WANTED---Liberal contracts given to men who will devote all or part of their time writing life insurance. Assistance given in closing cases.

JOHN HUGHES BLACKMAN, Manager,
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Mears Building, Scranton, Pa.

W. L. MALIN, District Manager,
Bellefonte, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Home Office, 34 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

Our Sane Fourth

And What Came of It

By AGNES BROGAN

My brother's wife looked up from the paper she had been reading.

"There will be no fireworks at our house this year," she said firmly. "I shall see that Dot and Bobbie at least are withheld from the general sacrifice."

"What are we going to do," Jim questioned meekly—"play checkers?"

"This is my plan, and I know Nan will think it a good one. Upon the eventful day we will take a nice big lunch and go to some lonely, woodsy place along the lake shore. In the evening we will build a fire on the beach and roast corn and things, coming home later in the moonlight."

Jim's face brightened visibly. "Sounds pretty good," he said. "Who's to be Nan's attendant cavalier upon this occasion?"

Mollie cast a troubled glance in my direction.

"That is for Nan to say," she responded. "A month ago I should have asked Allison without even consulting her, for we all supposed that affairs were settled between those two, but since he has ceased calling and Nan avoids him in every possible manner."

"Affairs had been settled" between Allison and me, but how could I tell her that our bitter quarrel had sprung from the very fact that I had insisted upon keeping our engagement secret? It was all so new and wonderful, this great happiness which had come into my life, that I longed to keep it jealously for a little time, but men do not understand. When Allison found that pleadings were useless he turned from me indignantly.

"I can see no reason for concealment, Nan," he had said. "When you are pleased to recognize our engagement you will send for me."

Send for him indeed! Why, my heart could break in little bits before I would do a thing like that.

"Well, Nan?" Mollie spoke impatiently.

"We might ask Mr. Armstrong," I suggested coolly, "or Jack Meads. Either would be glad to come." Mr. Armstrong called as I sat on the veranda that afternoon. When I told him of our Fourth of July plans his face lit up with pleasure.

"Jove," he said delightedly, "that will be great! Won't you let me come along, Miss Harmon? I could take you all out there in my car." This was just what I had expected, so when my brother came home at night I told him of the arrangement. Jim whistled.

"I asked Jack Meads to go," he said, "and he did not lose any time accepting the invitation. What are you going to do about it?"

Mollie came to the rescue. "Never mind," she said cheerfully. "I will ask my sister Nell to join the party, and you young people can all enjoy yourselves together."

I tried to look pleased, but even if Nell is Mollie's sister I must say—

Well, I was busily engaged mixing a cake preparatory to the great event when Jim approached me on the following morning.

"Nan," he began apologetically, "I happened to mention this picnic of ours to Allison today, and he grew quite enthusiastic—hinted openly for an invitation, in fact. You will not mind if he comes in his runabout, will you? He says Armstrong's car will carry only seven comfortably, and he might help out by taking one of us along."

I looked straight into Jim's eyes. "I shall ride on the front seat of Mr. Armstrong's car," I said meaningly. We had intended to make an early start, but it was after luncbtime when the big red auto, followed by the white runabout, rolled down the beautiful lake shore drive, leaving the deafening noise of shot and shell far behind.

"We will not stop at any of the picnic places," Mollie said. "We will ride on until we come to some pretty isolated spot."

But this time Mollie "reckoned without her automobile," for the car stopped suddenly of its own accord just in sight of one of the despised picnic places, and we were all unloaded unceremoniously, while Mr. Armstrong dived under the machine, to reappear presently flushed and dishevcled.

"Can I help you?" Allison called, but to me it sounded like a half hearted offer, and I was not surprised at Mr. Armstrong's curt refusal.

"All right," Allison responded. "We will ride up the road in search of an ideal resting place. Let you know when we find it."

Mr. Armstrong threw off his coat and went to work with a will, Jim acting as assistant. Why is it that the nicest men turn savage when a spark plug or some other queer thing about an automobile goes wrong?

"Do you think you can mend it?" I asked sweetly, and this man, who a short time since would have done anything to gain my favor, now glared at me.

"When I can locate the trouble I will answer you," he said, so I turned to Jack. "While he is thinking it over," I suggested, "you might take me for a walk down the beach." And as we strolled along Mollie and Dot went back to sit in the shade of the trees. Jack helped me into a deserted rowboat which lay on the sands and seated himself before me.

"This is good, to be alone with you, Nan," he was beginning when a man who had passed us retraced his steps.

"Jack Meads!" he cried, ignoring my presence. "What luck! The boys from the office are out here today, and we are trying to make up a baseball nine. All we lack is a good pitcher, and we know your fame in that line. It's going to be a short game. Come on over and join us."

Jack looked fieldward, and his eyes shone. "You wouldn't mind, would you, Nan?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly; I do not mind," I answered effusively, "but I prefer not to walk over to the field."

He hurried away without one backward glance. It was another humiliating moment. Following an idle impulse, I lifted the solitary oar which lay in the boat and poled myself out into the water. Perhaps when Allison came back he might see me. He used strongly to object if I ventured to row alone. I must have drifted out pretty far, for the automobile looked like a speck in the road, while the baseball field was just a green blur. With a splash my one oar slipped from my grasp and quickly floated just beyond reach. It would have been useless to call for assistance, for no one appeared upon the beach. I was really becoming frightened when a canoe came gliding toward me. Its occupant stood up and waved his arms wildly.

"Aunt Nan!" he cried. "Aunt Nan!" It was Bobbie. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Save me, Aunt Nan!" he entreated. "I never thought when I climbed into the canoe that it would float away."

There was a soft thud as the boats came alongside. I had a confused vision of my nephew's white face and outreaching arms, and then we were both struggling in the water. Blindly I caught at the upturned boat as Bobbie clung to me in desperation. And surely it was hours afterward that some one snatched him roughly from my grasp; then two strong arms also lifted me to safety. I don't know just what I had been expecting, but it was rather disappointing to see a weather beaten face looking anxiously into my own, while a gruff voice muttered something about "lunatics sailin' about in boats without no oars." And when our rescuer's boat reached the shore there stood Jim and Mollie, who regarded my wet and shrinking self with stern, accusing gaze. Jim carried his whimpering son back to the shelter of the trees, while Mollie lingered only long enough to say:

"If you did not care about risking your own life, Nan, you might at least have left Bobbie safe on land."

I stood still in bewilderment. Then a prolonged wail in Dot's shrill treble attracted my attention, and I hastened in its direction.

"Oh, Aunt Nan," she gurgled, "you do look so funny! Your hair is all sleek, like the seal's at the zoo."

The thought of my own ridiculous appearance had not occurred to me. Now I looked fearfully down the road to where the stalled auto could still be seen.

"Dot," I faltered, "where's Mr. Armstrong?"

My young niece divined by anxiety. "Don't you worry," she said. "He is hammering away under his car."

"And Allison, Dot—where is he?"

"He won't see you," she answered comfortingly. "He is back in the woods getting flowers for Aunt Nell." Then Dottie turned to her own grievances. "Daddie kindled a fire to make some coffee," she confided, "and when they went away I put some corn in to cook and burned my hand. But it's better now, because I tore the front out of my dress and bandaged it up This nice thin cloth tears easy," she added, with satisfaction.

Like Dot, I returned to my own troubles. "What shall I do?" I deliberated aloud.

"Go and sit in the sand and get dry," my niece wisely suggested, and I followed her advice. Little lavender streams were trickling from every part of my new frock, and the woman who sold it had assured me that the color would not run. She might have traced me now by the violet drops along the sand. I sank down miserably. How could I go home in this plight?

Nell's ringing laugh aroused me. "Oh, Nan," she cried, "what in the world have you been doing? You look like a purple poster girl."

One horrified glance showed me Allison's tall figure. This was truly the last straw. I buried my face in my wet purple arms and wept. Then Allison turned to Nell.

"Dot is alone," he said. "Had you not better see that she doesn't get into more mischief? And—and, Nan, dear, you may take cold. I will fetch my warm auto coat in a moment and wrap it around you." He did so, very tenderly, and as we sat there long in the sands he said— But what Allison said is not for publication. I am glad that my hair dries out all fluffy and curly.

When Mr. Armstrong finally got the machine in order every one was either too badly damaged or too dispirited to go on farther, so we gathered about to have an early supper and then leave for home.

We reached our home at twilight, and as my brother deposited the sleeping, sooty Dot upon a couch Mollie turned on the lights.

"This has been a great Fourth!" Jim exclaimed in disgust.

"Hasn't it?" Allison answered absently. "Just about the greatest Fourth that I have ever known." Then Mollie sank into a chair, overcome by helpless laughter.

"Oh, Allison," she cried, "if you could only see your purple face!"

Legend of the Death of Kenith.

The death of Kenith, the half mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most remarkable in all history—that is, if it can consistently be called a historical fact. According to the story, Kenith had killed a son and brother of the warlike Fennella. She for revenge caused Wiltus, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion an automatic death dealing machine, a wonderful statue filled with hidden springs, levers, etc. When finished and set up this "brazen image" was an admirable work of art. In its right hand it held a basin and in the left an apple of pure gold, both set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch this apple was to dare death, it being so arranged that one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled by poisoned arrows shot from loopholes in the body of the statue. Kenith was invited to come and inspect the wonder, and, kinglike and just as Fennella had hoped, he tried to pluck the precious imitation fruit. The moment his hand touched the incrusted jewel he was filled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.

When Folks Feared Gas.

In the early days of the last century, when illuminating gas was first used in London, timorous people talked of the dangers of suffocation and of explosions to which the gas, which was still imperfectly purified, exposed the citizens. Scientists confirmed these assertions, and the first gasometers erected in London by Samuel Clegg so terrified the people that no workman would venture to light the gas jets which had been placed on Westminster bridge. But Clegg soon overcame this difficulty by lighting a torch and applying it to the burners with his own hands. On another occasion before a committee of the Royal society of London he bored a hole in the gas holder and put a lighted candle to it, to the great alarm of the spectators, but without causing the slighest accident. Gradually the eyes even of the most prejudiced were opened to the truth.

What She Overlooked.

"That's queer," said the landlord.

"What's the matter?"

"I've just collected the rent for that house."

"What's queer about it? Didn't the lady ask you to paper the parlor?"

"Oh, yes, and the dining room and the bedrooms, and she also asked me to paint the front and back porches and build another outdoor sleeping apartment on the rear."

"And she threatened to move, of course, if you refused?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see anything queer about that."

"You don't? Well, she didn't impress upon my mind what good tenants they have always been and advise me that I couldn't afford to lose them. I can't see how she overlooked that speech."—Detroit Free Press.

Remarkable Luck.

In Gold Hill, Nev., in 1877, one of the mining bosses—Tole by name—had trouble with some of the laborers in his mine. One night three of them attacked him in a barroom. Two of them pinned him down, while a third stood over him with a revolver. The muzzle almost touched his stomach. Once, twice, thrice, a fourth and a fifth time the weapon snapped. Tole closed his eyes. Each moment he expected to be his last. The disgusted ruffian threw his disappointing weapon on the floor with an oath and, joined by his aids, left the place. Tole wiped the cold sweat from his brow, mechanically picked up the discarded weapon, went to the door and fired off every charge, remarking that it was just his luck.

Odd Marriage Ceremony.

Polynesia is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason the young man is "sent into the bush" when negotiations are opened with the family of his bride, and he remains there during the subsequent festivities. It is only when the guests have departed and the girl is left alone with his parents that messengers are dispatched for him.

Needed Them All.

A well known authoress was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor who retained little but his conceit.

"It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace"—

"Yes," said his fair listener sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

Slowly Mending.

She—And how is your bachelor friend? He—When I saw him last he was mending very slowly. She—Indeed! I didn't know he'd been ill. He—He hasn't been. He was sewing fresh buttons on his underwear!

Too Far.

The fresh young man seated himself beside a handsome girl on the train.

"Going far?" he inquired.

"You are, sir; much too far," was the chilling retort.—Boston Transcript.

Trouble and Worry.

Wait till trouble comes before worrying about it. If you worry before it comes it may never come at all and you will have lost health and spirits over a phantom.

Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.—Prentice.

Carlyle Corrected.

At a Royal academy dinner in London on one occasion several artists were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. Carlyle and Thackeray were among the guests.

"His glorious coloring is a fact about Titian," said one man, striking the table to give emphasis to the remark.

"And his glorious drawing is another fact about Titian!" cried another artist.

And so they went on until Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with a slow deliberation which had its own impressive emphasis:

"And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian and cares nothing about Titian, and that's another fact about Titian."

Thackeray was sipping claret at the moment. He paused and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he said; "that appears to me to be not a fact about Titian, but a fact, and a lamentable one, about Carlyle."

Washington Monument.

The cornerstone of the Washington monument was laid on its fine site, which overlooks Washington, Georgetown, Arlington and Mount Vernon, by President Folk July 4, 1848. Its marble shaft rises in all the dignity of unadorned simplicity to the height of 555 feet. The base of the shaft is fifty-five feet square, and it gradually tapers until at the 500 foot point it has diminished to less than thirty-five feet. This monument is said to contain 18,000 blocks of marble, each two feet thick. They were lifted on an elevator run by steam, suspended in an inner frame work of iron, which was built up at intervals, thirty or forty feet at a time, in advance of the surrounding masonry. The aluminium capstone, nine inches high, was set in position Dec. 6, 1884, thirty-six years and a half after the cornerstone was laid.

The Actor's Clothes.

Our principal actor of whims was Mr. Mansfield, as has been made known variously. One whim of his is related by Fritz Schoultz, the costumer.

When it came to the staging of "The First Violin" Mansfield was keen to get garments with "character" in them and found that of all places Schoultz's was the one that could supply him with redingotes. He was delighted with them, introduced them and at the end of the Chicago engagement absolutely declined to return them.

The matter of getting stage clothes with character is interesting in itself. Secondhand shops supply the most, although on occasions an actor has been known to approach a laborer on the street and make him an offer for his weather beaten coat.—Chicago Post.

Gladstone's Speech For Irving.

Gladstone was a great admirer of Sir Henry Irving, and this admiration was shown one day in the house of commons. Irving was under the gallery in the house when suddenly, without apparent reason, Gladstone leaped to his feet and delivered an impassioned speech, set off with all the expression and dramatic gesture for which he was so famous. The house seemed surprised. Members looked at one another and murmured, "What is the old man now up to?" They thought it was some deep political game. But a week or two later a friend of Irving's, encountering Mr. Gladstone, mentioned the actor's visit to the house, and Gladstone eagerly inquired: "What did he think of my speech? I made it for him."

Name For the Species.

A Texas statesman, who knows as much about poker as he does about politics and as much about politics as he does about poker, sat in a little game in New York one evening and became extremely annoyed, not to say peeved, by the lamentations of a man who was losing. Finally one of the other players, also irritated by the constant wail, told the loser:

"You are one of the greatest monologists I ever listened to outside of a theater."

"He's not a monologist," said the Texan tartly. "He's a moan-ologist."—Popular Magazine.

The Snail.

The slowest creatures in creation are snails and certain small beetles. Some of them habitually move only a foot or two in an hour, but this slowness is partly due to the fact that they remain motionless at intervals. By measuring the distances covered by snails when they were kept going constantly it has been found that the maximum speed of a good healthy snail is five and a half feet an hour.

Plenty of Exercise.

Physician (at watering place to patient's husband)—And, after all, the great thing for your wife is exercise. Does she take any? Patient Husband—Take any! I should say she did. Why, doctor, she changes her dress at least six times a day.—London Mail.

Doubtful.

New York Man (in Boston restaurant)—Waiter, bring me some of what that man has over there. Waiter—I don't think there will be any left, sir, when he gets through.—Fun.

Stunned Him.

"Oh, Effie, your new gown and hat are stunning!"

"Yes. Alfred hasn't recovered yet from the shock the bill gave him."—Exchange.

Broken Pledges.

He—Madam, you promised to obey me. Do you do it? She—Sir, you promised me your worldly goods. Do I get 'em?—Baltimore American.

CHANGED THE PLAY.

Peter the Great Turned the Comedy Into a Tragedy.

It is related that Peter the Great, that mighty czar of Russia, strolling incognito through the camp, came upon a party of noncommissioned officers and grenadiers enacting a comedy, which he paused to witness.

All at once his brow became clouded. In the play a soldier in the uniform of his guard commits at a certain moment a robbery. Nevertheless the emperor allowed the play to proceed. The court martial is summoned on the stage and the thief is sentenced to death. The spectators, composed of officers and men, showed the most lively concern in the performance and laughed at the grotesque contortions of the condemned culprit. The amateur actor played his part very well. Here come the squad that is to execute him. "Fire!" orders the lieutenant, and the amateur dropped down dead, his heart pierced by seven bullets—no make believe, but dead indeed.

Whereupon the emperor dropped his incognito and addressed those assembled: "A soldier of my guard who committed a robbery must die. If he did not steal why did he boast of it and soil his uniform? It is I who ordered the loaded rifles given to the men. I henceforth forbid my soldiers to ply the trade of mummers."—Argonaut.

PHILADELPHIA SCRAPPLE.

How to Prepare This Inexpensive and Highly Nutritious Dish.

Have your butcher clean a pig's head and split it in halves. Put it into a stock pot and cover with boiling water. Cook until meat falls from the bones. Remove the meat, strain the liquor and set aside to cool. Remove most of the fat, all gristle and bones. Chop meat fine.

Remove fat from liquor, place on range, bring to boiling point, add meat and one pound of beef liver previously parboiled ten minutes and cut in very small pieces. Season with salt, pepper and sage to taste. Add one cupful of buckwheat mixed with one cupful of cornmeal, letting it slip through the fingers of the left hand while you stir briskly with the right. Thicken with cornmeal until mixture is the consistency of cornmeal mush. Stir until free from lumps. Remove to back of range and simmer two or three hours. Use a heavy vessel to cook the mixture in. This lessens the danger of scorching.

Pour mixture into brick shaped bread pans previously wet with cold water. When cold cut in half inch slices and saute in a well greased hot spider. Brown on both sides. Serve for breakfast or luncheon. This is an inexpensive dish and is highly nutritious and will keep several weeks in cold weather.—National Food Magazine.

Depraved.

"What is your idea of classical music?"

"Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I don't profess to know much about it. But it always seems to me that when a man writes classical music he simply takes a tune and sees how much he can muss it up."—Washington Star.

An Invitation.

"What's the difference between a haunted house and a handsome man about to kiss you?" asked she coyly.

"I give it up," he murmured, growing interested.

"Why, you can't let a haunted house."—Princeton Tiger.

Mother.

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

His Pleasures.

Lately wed—Guess I'll run out for a shave and hair cut. Mrs. Lately wed—Oh, darling, you promised never to leave me. Lately wed—But, dearest, I must have some pleasure.

Lame.

Cumso—Why didn't you come last week, as you promised?

Fangle—I sprained my ankle.

"That is a lame excuse."

No Minister Handy.

H. E. Kline and Miss Grace L. Betts, of Williamsport, procured a marriage license at the register and recorder's office at Sunbury Thursday and started in to locate a clergyman to marry them. Every minister, eleven of them, was out of town.

Kline and his prospective bride made three calls at the home of the Rev. J. M. Francis, and failing to locate him, decided to wait until late in the evening, when he was expected to return. Accordingly they sought out a bench in a cozy nook in Cameron park and remained there throughout the night. Mr. Francis married them Friday.

The couple attracted considerable attention as they rested in the park, as a large number of persons were aware of their predicament.

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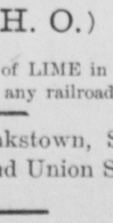

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JUSTICE'S TABLE A FAKE

Supposed Bronze Marker on Court House Only Cheap Pine.

The front corridor of Blair county's half-million dollar Court house is adorned by a large "bronze" tablet, having inscribed thereon the names of promine: sons of the county. It was decovered last Friday that the supposed bronze tablet was only cheap pine wood, painted deceptively, and a wag cut the word "fake" with his penknife in the tablet.

Lawyers and politicians who expended hundreds of dollars to preserve their names to posterity in the tablet are indignant, and an official investigation is brewing.

People Tell Each Other About Good Things.

Twenty years ago few people in the world knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. Today after the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease has been told year after year by one gratified person to another, there are millions abroad and in this country who would as soon go without a dentifrice as without the daily use of Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a cleanly, wholesome, healing, antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, which has given rest and comfort to tired and aching feet in all parts of the world. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials of cures of smarting, swollen, tender, perspiring feet. It prevents friction and wear of the stockings and will save in your stocking bill ten imes its cost each year. Imitations pay tthe dealer a large profit, otherwise you would never be offered a substitute when you ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original antiseptic powder for the feet. It gives a restfulness and a springy feeling that makes you forget you have feet. Allen's Foot-Ease is the greatest comfort discovery of the age and so easy to use. It prevents soreness, blisters or puffing. Don't go on your vacation without a package of Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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To Save Chestnut Trees.

The numerous reports received by the Chestnut Tree Blight Commission from all parts of Pennsylvania confirm the earlier statements regarding its spread and virulence and the heavy losses sustained by timber owners. It is unfortunate that but few people recognize the blight in time to save the affected trees, as the trees show little outward sign of their true condition until irreparably ineured. The chestnut bark disease is a stubborn fact, and the thousands of diseased or dead trees present a silent but certain evidence of its terribly destructive character. Thus far no positive remedial agency has been found, and those in charge of research work practically acknowledge that when once a tree isinfected, it is impossible to save the tree permanently.

It is also well for the people to realize the disagreeable truth that the chestnut blight is so widely prevalent east of the Susquehanna River that it is impossible to control it as readily or as successfully as in the western parts of the State where the infection is not general but appears sporadically. It is in such localities that prompt action and careful attention to chestnut tracts will meet with the greatest success towards controlling this scourge. The Commission urges that infected trees should be destroyed without any delay, and that all diseased bark must necessarily be burned to prevent the further dissemination of the disease-bearing spores and postules. If owners of chestnut trees have reasons to suspect the prevalence o the blight, they should notify the local representative of the Commission without delay. If this cannot be done, the facts should be made known at the general office in Philadelphia.

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Her Aged Lover

A Correspondence That Brought About a Change of Heart.

By GWENDOLIN TURNLEE

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Peckham, attorney at law, to Miss Louise Lamond, supposed heiress, whose estate he was managing, "I see but one way out of the tangle. Unless you are prepared to do as I suggest I fear your property will pass into the hands of John Paddock."

"Your plan is"—

"Marry him."

"Oh, heavens!"

The girl sat thinking with a distressed look on her face. Finally she asked, "Why are you so sure that he will accept this—that unhallowed plan of settling the suit?"

"Because he proposed it to me at our last meeting."

"Why, he has never seen me."

"True, but he has learned from me that you are a very clever, a very comely and altogether attractive young lady."

Miss Lamond was too absorbed in the matter of discussion even to thank the speaker for the compliment. She told him that she would take a week to think the matter over. If at the end of that time she decided to look favorably on his suggestion she would notify him and Mr. Paddock could then open the grewsome negotiations. She spent the seven days in an agony of vacilliation, then took seven days more for further consideration. At the end of the second week she was so worn with indecision that she spun a coin to decide whether she would lose a fortune or double it with an unattractive elderly man thrown in. The coin turned up for the marriage. Miss Lamond at once informed Mr. Peckham of her decision.

Within a few days came a formal letter from Mr. Paddock stating that he regretted that he and Miss Lamond had become entangled in the meshes of the law and he was ready to do anything to arrive at a settlement. He did not feel that it would be just to those who would come after him to surrender any part of a property that the law would give him. If Miss Lamond could bring herself to unite the two estates by marrying a man so much older than herself and with no pretentions to personal attractiveness his suit against her estate would be withdrawn and he would do his best to make her an affectionate husband.

Women do not always shrink from marrying men older than themselves simply because of the difference in age. A hope came to Miss Lamond that there might be a possibility of her becoming attached to the man she was intending to marry, and this hope influenced her reply. She wrote Mr. Paddock that even to save a fortune she could not consent to marry a man who would be repulsive to her. She was ignorant of both his appearance and character. She proposed the matter be handled with deliberation in order that they might gradually draw out a knowledge of each other; then, if they were mutually pleased, or at least not mutually displeased, they could carry out the matrimonial plan of stopping litigation. Both the matter of her letter and the delicacy with which it was expressed were calculated to win the respect and admiration of any good man.

The reply to this letter, which suggested only a general method and gave no especial plan of procedure, caused Miss Lamond great satisfaction. It was full of sympathy, regretted again the necessity for her making a marriage of convenience, and the writer offered to do anything in his power to make it as little distasteful to her as possible. He suggested that the courtship be begun by correspondence. Possibly by this means he might show Miss Lamond what manner of man he was, and if his thoughts, his impulses, his inner nature were not disagreeable to her, on seeing him she might be favorably predisposed to him in the flesh. There was not a word as to any doubts on his part that she would be agreeable to him.

From the beginning of the correspondence Miss Lamond began to throw off the repulsion she had conceived for such a marriage. She wondered how a man of John Paddock's age, especially one whom she had been disposed to consider a skinflint, could, away down in his nature, have such admirable emotions. "When I think of my imperfections," he wrote, "I despair of ever winning the heart of so estimable a young lady, and I cannot be content with a mere union of interests. Possibly the world and I may have exaggerated my disagreeable traits, or may not a better nature in me have been warped by that battle with the world which every man who succeeds—especially in building up a fortune—must fight?"

This excuse that the man made for himself appealed strongly to Miss Lamond. Her father had made a fortune, and she had often heard him say that the work was crucifying to the instincts of a gentleman. She replied that she understood how a man might appear to the world and even himself to be spoiled by this struggle with those who were endeavoring to beat him, but that Mr. Paddock had shown plainly that his true character had come through the contest unscathed.

Miss Lamond was beginning even to excuse her aged correspondent for having beaten her at every point in the legal struggle they had had. She admired him that he had the ability to do so. She ceased to consider him as her adversary, but the adversary of the lawyer who managed her affairs. She began to treat Mr. Peckham with some coolness, a feeling taking possession of her that she would rather rely on Mr. Paddock's judgment and executive ability than on Mr. Peckham's. Had she possessed the services of such a man as the former doubtless her affairs would not have got into such a distressing condition.

The correspondence had resulted so favorably that Miss Lamond began to think of a meeting between herself and her correspondent. She tried to think of meeting a repulsive old man, but pictured an elderly gentleman who greeted her with a kindly smile. Thinking he might not consider that their correspondence had sufficiently prepared her for the meeting, she determined to inform him that so favorable had been the impression created that she was now positively desirous of seeing him.

A reply came to this that he was now suffering from an indisposition, but that as soon as he was in a condition to go out he would call upon Miss Lamond, but with great trepidation lest upon seeing him she would not be able to confirm her part of the contract for which they had been preparing.

So great was the change in Miss Lamond's sentiments from what they had been when Mr. Peckham announced the matrimonial plan that she was enabled to write him a letter in which she expressed considerable solicitude for his health and begged that he would keep her advised of his condition. She wrote this letter in the evening and in the morning was preparing to carry it to the post when, taking up the daily paper, she glanced first over the advertisements of special sales, then ran her eye down the death and marriage columns. She started.

Died.—Paddock, John, at his residence after a protracted illness. Friends will kindly omit flowers. Funeral private.

Miss Lamond could not believe her eyes; but, turning them to a column of obituary notices, she read that John Paddock was the wealthy manfacturer who had made a large fortune. The notice was very short, and no encomiums were passed upon the deceased. She remarked especially that he had been helpless for several weeks before his death.

Here was a mystery. She had been receiving letters with view to a matrimonial arrangement from a man who was not able to write—in fact, was dying. Had she not received one from him the evening before announcing an "indisposition?" There was something uncanny about the matter. It made her flesh creep. Rushing to the telephone, she called up the office of Peckham, Tuttle & Hill, attorneys. Mr. Peckham was out of town, and no one else of the firm knew anything about the Lamond estate's business.

Miss Lamond could think of no other way of getting information as to the mystery and was obliged to wait. The day after the funeral she received a call from a man on whose card was the name of John Paddock Traver. She looked at it wonderingly; then, catching an idea that the mystery of her aged lover was about to be solved, she hurried downstairs.

A young man was standing in the drawing room who advanced toward her with a very singular expression on his face. It was amusement mingled with embarrassment and a tinge of guilt.

"Miss Lamond, I believe?"

"I am."

"I have come to enlighten you upon a matter which I fancy you may wish to hear explained. You know of the death of John Paddock, I suppose."

"I do."

The young man looked hard at a chair, and Miss Lamond mechanically asked him to be seated.

"My uncle, Mr. Paddock, whose secretary and man of all work I have been, some time ago told me that he and your attorney, Mr. Peckham, had arranged a marriage between himself and you for the purpose of settling out of court the suit between the two estates. Being an old man not fitted to conduct a courtship with a young woman, he desired me to write you in his name. I continued to conduct the correspondence, writing the letters you received from him and informing him of the progress of his suit for your hand till a few weeks ago, when he sank so low in health that no worldly matters interested him."

Mr. Traver paused, and Miss Lamond continued to stare at him. Presently he continued:

"I am my uncle's sole heir, and I have come to tell you that the suit against you will be dropped. The will was opened only this morning, and at the earliest possible moment I will meet your attorney, Mr. Peckham, with a view to coming to an arrangement that will leave you in the full possession of your inheritance."

Mr. Traver paused again. Miss Lamond continued her stare, but presently the corners of her mouth began to quirk up and her whole face broke into a smile.

When Mr. Peckham returned he called on his client and said: "The matter was a put up job between Mr. Paddock and myself. He knew that he had but a short time to live and had made his nephew his heir. His and your estate are inextricably mingled. He and I formed a plan to bring about a marriage between you and John Traver. You are to marry the nephew instead of the uncle."

"But this Mr. Traver. What"—

"Oh, he can take care of that himself. He'll doubtless speak to you at an early date."

He did speak and was accepted.

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The Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: Although there are complaints from isolated sections, the general tenor of crop reports the country over is favorable.

Winter wheat in Kansas and Nebraska has been relieved by rains, but some deterioration is claimed. Some improvement is noted in the central west, but the area there has been greatly reduced. Wheat harvesting has begun in Texas and will be general in Oklahoma next week. The latter state reports deterioration from early fine prospects. Pacific coast wheat crop reports are very flattering.

Except for talk of duststorms in the Dakotas, spring-wheat reports are very good. The area in that cereal in North Dikota, which last year had over 9,100,000 acres, is 5 to 8 per cent. smaller.

This week has seen the bulk of the corn planting finished. There is much complaint of lack of germination, but the main subject of remark is the lateness of the crop. Oats crop reports are good, though some damage is reported west of the Missouri river.

The outlook still is for a very large hay crop, pastures are good the country over, and late potatoe promise well. A very large fruit crop is in prospect.

Highway Inspection Tour.

An inspection of State highways in new York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and other Eastern States is to be made by State Highway Commissioner R. M. Bigelow this month. Mr. Bigelow will be accompanied by Chief Engineer Samuel D. Foster and will spend probably a week on the inspection. The tour will be made in an automobile so that observations as to the manner in which roads are constructed and maintained may be made at length. It is likely that Mr. Bigelow will also confer with highway officials of those States. The best highways will be picked out and the system looked over. The plans for the organization of the maintenance forces of the department are rapidly being worked out.

When Buying, Buy Only the Best

Costs no more but gives the best results. H. L. Blomquist, Esdaile, Wis., says his wife considers Foley's Honey and Tar Compound the best cough cure on the market. "She has tried various kinds but Foley's gives the best results of all." C. M. Parrish.

Did His Work Too Well.

While it is no easy matter for a violin maker to rival the famous Stradivarius instruments, an American maker once did this, and did it in so effective a manner that experts pronounced his violin a genuine Stradivarius. The successful man was George Gemunder, who died some years ago. His remarkable ability as a maker of violins was known to many a distinguished player, such as Ole Bull, Remenyi, and Wilhelmj, but he achieved—so runs the story—his greatest success at the last Paris exposition. To that exhibition he sent an imitation Stradivarius and to test its merits had it placed on exhibition as the genuine article. A committee of experts carefully examined the instrument and pronounced it a Stradivarius. So far Gemunder's triumph was complete, but now came a difficulty. When he claimed that it was not an old violin, but a new one, made by himself, the committee would not believe him. They declared that he had never made the instrument and pronounced him an impostor. He had done his work too well.

Moon Blindness.

A naval correspondent had written from Port of Spain, Trinidad, stating that in his travels he had come across many cases of moon blindness, caused by men sleeping with the moon shining upon them, such cases occurring principally in the tropics and the Mediterranean. Strange to say, adds the Trinidad correspondent, men so affected can see in daylight, but cannot do so when dusk sets in. Mr. Elgie further quotes from a communication made by a New Zealand correspondent to a weekly scientific journal. This correspondent was many years ago an apprentice on the Liverpool ship Langdale, an East India trader. Once when the ship was between St. Helena and the line some of the crew slept on deck fully exposed to the glare of the brilliant moon. When they awoke three of them were quite moon blind. They had to be led about at night and the ropes put into their hands.—London Standard.

A Theodore Thomas Retort.

A characteristic story is told of one of the first rehearsals of the college choir (of the Cincinnati College of Music), at which Theodore Thomas had reprimanded some of the sopranos sharply for inattention. "He treats us as if we were members of his orchestra!" exclaimed an indignant singer to her next neighbor. Thomas overheard the remark and let it pass for the moment, but at the close of the rehearsal, as the performers were leaving the stage, he passed the lady in question and, turning to her, said very quietly, but with that biting sarcasm which those who knew him did not care to excite, "Madam, you will have to sing a great deal better than you do now before I shall treat you as I treat the members of my orchestra!"—"Memoirs of Theodore Thomas."

Close Relationship.

The Duke of Norfolk once gave a great dinner party to a number of his neighbors. The duke was at the head of the table, and a man seated near him called out to one of his neighbors at the other end of the table:

"Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families."

"With a great deal of pleasure," replied Mr. Howard, "though I don't know exactly what the connection is, but in this county there have been several marriages between neighbors."

"Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty-three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was a tie."—Kansas City Star.

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Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.25	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	12.18	f 5.36
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.44
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.46
	Coleville	8.40	12.30	f 5.50
Ar.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Wheat Crop in Kansas.

A probable wheat crop of 90 million bushels for Kansas, nearly 40 million bushels more than last year's yield is indicated by the first crop report of the season issued by F. D. Coburn, secretary of the state board of agriculture, at Topeka.

Mr. Coburn reports an average condition of 81.2 per cent on an area of 6,062,000 acres, after allowing for the abandonment of 1,287,000 acres, or 17.5 per cent. of the 8,352,000 acres reported as having been sown last year.

A yield of 100 per cent. for the state is about nineteen bushels per acre, and a condition of 81.2 per cent. indicates an average of over 15 bushels per acre on the 6,062,000 acres now standing, says the Wichita Eagle. The report, in part, follows:

The figures given are a summing up of what the growers themselves, representing every neighborhood in the state, advise their board of agriculture, uncolored by speculative interests, bulls or bears "longs" or "shorts."

Here and There.

Mrs. John Blanchard and little son are visiting in Yonkers, N. Y.

Harmony Rose and Violet Soap, ½ pound cakes 10c—at Green's.

A. M. Reeser and son Harold, of Mifflinburg, visited with relatives and riends here last week.

Joseph Lose, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lose on High Street.

Mrs. Michael Kelley and three children, of Juniata, are visiting relatives and friends in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nolan, of Tyrone, were visitors over Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. Jeremiah Nolan, on Thomas Street.

Our old soldier friend, Charles Glenn, calls to our attention the fact that there are 219 graves of old soldiers in the Union cemetery.

Howard Holtzworth, of Unionville, and W. F. Holt, of Philipsburg, are this week enjoying a fishing trip along trout streams nearby Lock Haven.

J. C. Harper is now a proud grandfather, a little son having arrived several days ago at the home of Professor and Mrs. Arthur Harper, at Columbus, Ohio.

Children's Day services will be held in the Olive Branch Chapel, Coleville, on Sunday afternoon, next, at 2.30 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, on Tuesday morning, which explains the air of activity about the office of the Adams Express Company, where Mr. Taylor is employed.

George H. Smull, of Smullton, was in Chicago last week looking over the assembly of the big politicians preliminary to the meeting of the Republican national convention.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Casebeer, who have been boarding at the Brockerhoff House for several years, are now very comfortably located in the Orbison property, on Curtin Street.

Monroe Armor, of Bellefonte, was in Tyrone last week to attend the commencement exercises of the Tyrone High School. His grandson, Benjamin C. Jones, was a member of the graduating class.

Ex-County Treasurer George G. Fink and David J. Gingery, of Martha, were Bellefonte visitors between trains on Monday, transacting some business while here and also greeting their numerous friends.

Ex-Sheriff W E. Hurley has been appointed road foreman on the State highway job on the Nittany valley road, from Bellefonte to Lock Haven. Foreman Hurley is already on the job and managing things with as much skill as a veteran road builder.

Philip F. Garbrick, road construction foreman for R. B. Taylor, the contractor, departed on Tuesday afternoon for Washington County, where he will start operations on Mr. Taylor's $98,000 State highway contract.

At the Presbyterian church, on Sunday, next, the pastor will preach in the morning on, "The God to Know and Serve;" and in the evening, "Ourselves as God's Temples." A cordial invitation to the public to worship at this church.

Rev. C. W. Winey is in Youngwood, Pa., this week attending the convention of the Young People's Branch of the Christian Endeavor of the United Brethren church, of which he is president. The sessions were begun on Tuesday and will continue over today.

Quite a delegation of Bellefonters plan going to Baltimore to attend the Democratic national convention. Charles R. Kurtz will go as a delegate. Those who will go as spectators include P. Gray Meek, John Noll, District Attorney Paul Fortney, Col. Hugh S. Taylor and William D. Zerby.

The Bellefonte Academy last week closed what was the most successful year in the history of that well known school. The Academy baseball club played its final game of the season on Saturday afternoon, defeating the Bucknell Academy; 10-4. The visiting team was clearly outclassed, and the result was at no time in doubt.

Continuing the improvements in the downtown business section, concrete walks were this week put down on both sides of High Street, between "The Republican" office and the Spring creek bridge. As soon as the brick are on the ground the work of paving High Street, between the Spring creek bridge and the crossing at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Company, will be pushed through to completion.

Edward Moyer, a former resident of Centre County, now living in Kansas, arrived in Bellefonte several days ago for a visit with old-time friends. He is a brother of Mrs. John Martin, of Bellefonte, and an uncle of Mrs. Abraham Hamilton. Mr. Moyer is an old soldier, having served during the Civil war with Company G, 210th Regiment, from Allegheny County. He was 85 years old last month, but despite his advanced age he is hale and hearty and should live for many years to come.

Republican County Chairman Henry C. Quigley, Harry Keller and several others from Bellefonte are figuring on going out to Chicago next week for the Republican national convention. Mr. Keller's brother, William H. Keller, a former Bellefonte boy, is a national delegate from Lancaster County. He has written Harry urging him to make the trip and the latter, while still undecided, is just as likely as not to hop onto the last train that will get him to Chicago in time to see the fur fly on the big day.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Decker, of Detroit, Michigan, arrived in Bellefonte on Monday for a visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Decker, and also to attend the commencement at State College, from which institution Mr. Decker graduated in 1903. Since that time he has been making rapid progress in the business world and now holds an especially fine position in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Decker are here on their honeymoon tour, having been married in Detroit on Wednesday, June 5th. Mrs. Decker was Miss Norma Lieberman, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Lieberman, of Detroit. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Decker will go to New York, from which place Mrs. Decker's parents sail for a year's trip abroad.

If it is kept in first-class drug stores, you can get it at Green's.

Mrs. Mary McCoy and son, Albert, of Bellwood, are visiting at the Charles McCoy home, on Thomas Street.

Miss Ruth Ruble, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting at the home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hoy, on Water Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hoffman, of Lockport, N. Y., are stopping at the Bush House for several days as guests of W. Harrison Walker.

Mrs. Best, of Lock Haven, a life-long friend of Mrs. Patsy Stewart, visited for several days this week at the Stewart home on West Linn Street.

John Curtin and James C. Furst will start on Saturday on their annual camping trip along Fishing Creek, trout fishing being the chief object in view.

Mrs. Alice Baney, of Pleasant Gap, who was a patient in the Lock Haven hospital for some time, was sufficiently recovered yesterday to enable her to return home.

C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, is greeting Bellefonte friends this week, having arrived last Saturday for a visit with Mrs. Hoffer at the Gerberich home, on Thomas Street.

Miss Christina Matthew, an instructor in music at the Blairsville female college, is a guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Ward. On Tuesday Mrs. Ward and Miss Matthew visited State College.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Muriel Spencer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Spencer, of Philipsburg, and Richard Peale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rembrandt Peale, of New York.

Graham Ferguson, for a number of years a clerk in Green's drug store, but now a traveling salesman for Wyeth Bros., of Philadelphia, manufacturing chemists, was a Bellefonte visitor between trains on Tuesday.

None of the Bellefonte dentists went to Pittsburg this week for the forty-fourth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Dental Society. The local dentists are saving up their pin money to spend it at the big national convention of dentists in Washington, D. C., in September.

Dr. Thomas R. Hayes has decided to install a passenger elevator in his home on North Allegheny Street. He has been afflicted more or less with rheumatism for some months past, and the installing of an elevator was decided upon as the simplest means for facilitating his getting about in the house

The Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R. prizes of $5, each, for the students having the highest grade in the American history department at the Bellefonte Academy, were this year awarded as follows: John Love, first prize, highest grade in scholarship; Melvin Locke, second prize, highest grade for general progress.

Miss Ethel Dale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Dale, arrived home last Thursday night from Baltimore, Md., where she is a student at Goucher College. Arthur Dale, her brother, graduated last Thursday morning from Wittenberg College, at Springfield, Ohio. He will return home today and will read law in his father's office, preliminary to becoming a member of the Centre County bar.

An automobile party, hurrying from State College yesterday to catch the afternoon train from Bellefonte to Tyrone, met with an accident at the Griffith home, nearby Axe Manu. Blinded by dust from a car ahead, the driver of the automobile in question turned his machine into the embankment along the road. Two members of the party were badly skinned and bruised. It was said the car belonged to a Mr. Buck, from WarriorsMark.

William P. Humes entertained Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, at his home on Tuesday night. An informal reception was held at the Humes residence at 9 o'clock that night, many Bellefonte citizens calling to pay their respect to Dr. Hillis. Early Wednesday morning Dr. Hillis was taken in an automobile to State College, where he delivered the commencement address to the graduating class. He was accompanied on the trip to State College by Mr. Humes, Rev. John Hewitt and Charles M. McCurdy.

James Haupt, of Bellefonte, and Miss Florence Gardner, of Howard, were married on Thursday evening of last week. The wedding ceremony was solemnized at the Catholic parish house, Rev. Father McArdle officiating. The groom is in the employ of the Lauderbach-Barber Company, where he holds a good position as a result of his industry and strict attention to business. The bride is one of Howard's estimable young ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Haupt have many friends who wish them unbounded happiness and prosperity.

Dr. Hugh L. Fry, who has a lucrative practice at Milton and is "making good," came home for commencement at State College, where he greeted old chums Although he is a University of Pennsylvania man, he loves to be at State College occasionally. Dr. Fry is a son of Captain W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, and is a chip off the old block. He is one of that type of fellows a friend is always glad to walk across the street to meet. The Doctor was accompanied by a lady friend, returning home today.

Willis Wion, right hand man at the Sebring garage, figured in an automobile mishap on Tuesday afternoon. He was driving John Sebring's Hupmobile runabout, coming along Allegheny Street in front of the New High School building just about the time a big Overland touring car, with a party from Milton inside, slowly pulled up Lamb Street. Willis was on the wrong side of the street, not that he isn't familiar with the rules of the road, but because he wanted to avoid the mud on Allegheny Street, due to a liberal sprinkling a short time earlier in the afternoon. The big Overland car made a wide turn to pass out Allegheny Street, and when Willis undertook to apply his brakes he found they would'nt hold. A collision seemed unavoidable, but the Overland car driver shot his machine over the street curb in front of the J. L. Montgomery residence. Willis gave his runabout a sharp turn and tried to drive it over the curb. One front wheel passed over the curb all right, but the other snapped off at the axle and the car plowed into the grass for a distance of probably two feet before it was brought to a stop. The damaged car was removed to the Sebring garage for repairs as soon as possible.

For a real, prime 5c cigar there is nothing better than "Black & White"—You can get 'em at Green's.

Mrs. Archibald Allison and daughter, Catherine, and Margaret Gilmour departed on Tuesday for Latrobe, where they will visit with friends for a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ettinger, of Milton, were in Bellefonte yesterday, attending the funeral of the late Frederick Kurtz. Mr. Kurtz was the brother of Mr. Ettinger's mother.

The Ladies of the U. B. church will hold a festival and sale of cake, ice cream, rolls and bread, in the room adjoining the parsonage, Saturday evening June 15. All are invited.

Mrs. John Johnsonbaugh and daughter, Helen, who have been visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Sarah Confer, and also visited at State College, departed on Wednesday for Altoona. There they will visit with friends for a few weeks, before returning to their home at Pitcairn.

An invitation is extended the public to attend a Novelty Social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Coxey on Thursday evening, June 20th, for the benefit of the Lutheran church. Several Japanese will pour tea. Rebecca at the Well will be pleased to quench your thirst with good lemonade. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch will be present with her cabbages. Ice cream, cake and candy will be for sale, and a gay gypsy maid will tell your fortune.

Williamsport Woman's Dilemma.

Archie S. Hotchkiss of 213 South avenue, recently married Mrs. Estella L. Crane, of Williamsport, says the Elmira Advertiser. He secured his marriage license from the Williamsport clerk on the grounds that he had secured a limited divorce from his former wife, Lena Fuller Hotchkiss, who is now employed in Willard. Attorney Wilcox represented Mr. Hotchkiss, and the attorney believes that his client has every right to marry again after the receipt of notice of the limited divorce which was rendered by Justice Gladding in March at the Watkins term of Supreme court.

Many lawyers in this city are interested in the outcome of this case. They declare that a separation through limited divorce does not entitle one to marry again within the states of New York and Pennsylvania. Friends of Mr. Hotchkiss declare that he acted in good faith in the entire matter, and the fact that he returned to that city to reside with his new wife substantiates this belief.

Mrs. Hotchkiss is aware of the state of affairs and it is known that she has taken the matter up with her attorney but a line of action has not as yet been decided upon.

County Fairs Improve.

A. L. Martin, deputy secretary of agriculture of Pennsylvania, who has been compiling the list of county and other fairs for the coming autumn, says that there has been a pronounced change in the character and surroundings of many of the fairs and that not only has gambling and betting been banned, and kept so, but that there is a desire for the highest skill in judging.

"I have been struck with the demand for expert judges at many of the county fairs lately. People are no longer content to have the local authority be the man to pass upon horses, cattle or exhibits. They are asking that the people in charge of exhibitions obtain men specially qualified," said he. "I regard this as a distinct advance and think the results will be excellent. As regards the exhibits of last year they were better than for a long time, the cattle showing up better, while the fruit and grain yields attracted much attention at fairs in farming counties. It is a matter for regret that the best of the exhibits at these county fairs could not be assembled at a big state fair in the fall. But I suppose Pennsylvania will come to that later on."

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Lizzie Soble to The Budinger Co., three tracts in Snow Shoe township; $710.

Jennie L. Wells et baron, to Albert L. Peters, et al, 6 acres in Union township; $350.

Clarissa A. Kunes et al, to H. O. Pletcher 80 acres in Liberty township; $425.

Laurelton Lumber Co., to W. E. Mining et al, three tracts in Miles township; $496.48.

William L. Foster et al, to William H. & J. A. Noll, lot in State College; $330.

Found Chestnut Tree Blight.

J. M. Hoffman, of the State Chestnut Blight Commission, accompanied by his assistants, Al. Neveling, of Clearfield, and Eugene Torey, of Philadelphia, report having found isolated cases of Chestnut blight in Snow Shoe, Union and Howard townships. Mr. Hoffman states that very little damage has yet been done in this county, and he hopes to be able to keep the destructive blight from securing a foothold in the chestnut trees of Centre county.

Tyrone Woman Sues for $10,000

Declaring that she spent $5,000 in an effort to regain her health as the result of being struck on the foot by a lump of coal which rolled from a passing coal train at Tyrone station, Anna Yinger, of Tyrone, has filed a suit for $10,000 damages in the Huntingdon courts against the Pennsylvania railroad. She alleges she was waiting for a passenger train at the time and that the force of the blow knocked her to the ground.

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